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Monthly Museum:

OR

DUBLIN LITERARY REPERTORY,

FOR JULY, 1814.

History, Antiquities, Biography.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

And a Chronological Account of the principal Events of his Life.

(WITH A STRIKING LIKENESS, TAKEN FROM A PICTURE DRAWN WHEN EMPEROR.)

THIS extraordinary man, who has long been the terror, and still longer will be the wonder of Europe, was born of obscure parents, in the city of Ajaccio, in Corsica. He received his education in one of the military colleges in France, where it is said he displayed, even at that early age, symptoms of the overbearing and impetuous spirit that was the leading characteristic of all his future life.

When in the Military School, he was employed in writing a poem on the liberty of Corsica. He imagined that while slumbering in one of its numerous caverns, the genius of his country appeared to him in a dream, and putting a poignard in his hand, called on him for vengeance. This was the opening of the poem, and whenever he added any thing to it, he would go and dig up a short rusty sword, which he called his poignard, send for his confidential friend, and enthusiastically repeat the lines he had just written; after which, he returned to bury his dagger.

At the siege of Toulon, one of the deputies sent by the Convention to control the officers, having blamed the situation of a battery, Bonaparte immediately retorted—"Mind, sir, your business of representation, and leave me mine of the artillery. The battery shall remain where it is, and I will answer with my life for its success."

His mind was so constantly employed, that he spent many hours of the night in study; when at Nice, one of his friends, being in urgent want of his assistance, went to his apartments before day, and, not doubting but that he was in bed, knocked softly at his door, for fear of disturbing him too abruptly; but, on entering the chamber, he found, to his surprise, Bonaparte dressed as during the day, hard at work among plans and maps and various books. "What," said his friend, "not yet in bed?" "In bed!" replied Bonaparte, "I am already risen."—"Indeed!" said the other, "so early?"—"So early! surely: two or three hours are enough for sleep."

After the inauguration of the Directory, on the 4th of October, Bonaparte, as General of the armed

force, waited on each of the five Directors. Carnot, who had been the last nominated on the refusal of Sieyes, lived at the top of a house, beneath the ruins of the Luxemburg. When Bonaparte presented himself, an author, one of Carnot's friends, happened to be present, and was singing a new air, accompanied by a young lady on the piano-forte. The appearance of Bonaparte put a stop to the music. Seeing five or six tall young men (his aide-de-camps,) come into the room, followed by a little well-made man, introducing and expressing himself with dignity, and bowing to the company with an air of ease and politeness, very different from most of the generals who had appeared before, the author asked Carnot, in a whisper, who that *gentleman* was. Carnot answered, that he was the general of the armed force in Paris. "What is his name?"—"Bonaparte."—"Is he a man of sense?" "I really do not know."—"Has he great military skill?"—"So it is said."—"What has he done remarkable?"—"He commanded the troops of the Convention on the 13th of Vendemiare (4th October). This was enough for the inquirer; he was one of the Parisian party, his countenance became gloomy, and he retired into a corner, to observe this *gentleman*, as he called him. Bonaparte seeing the young lady still at her instrument, and the company attending solely to him, said, in a gentle tone, "I have put a stop to your amusement; somebody was singing; I beg I may not interrupt the party." The Director apologised, the General insisted, and the lady at last played and sung two or three national airs. Bonaparte, after remaining a few minutes longer, rose and took his leave.

The preliminaries of peace, drawn up at Leoben between Austria and France, in which Bonaparte was the agent for the Republic, began with a declaration on the part of the Emperor, that he acknowledged the French Republic. Bonaparte, interrupting the recital, observed with dignity, "The French Republic is like the sun in the firmament; and blind, indeed, are those who have not observed its splendor."—The article was erased.

On signing these preliminaries, the Emperor sent three of his principal nobility as hostages. Bonaparte received them with every mark of distinction, invited them to dine with him, and at the desert said to them—"Gentlemen, you are free; tell your master, that if his Imperial word require a pledge, you cannot serve as such; and if it require none, you ought not."

A variety of difficulties were thrown in the way of the conclusion of the peace at Campo Formio, from the Emperor not having given his Ministers sufficient powers. Bonaparte, conceiving that his proposals were slighted, snatched up a china vase that stood near, and dashing it into a thousand pieces, exclaimed to the Council—"Since you will have it so, thus will I reduce you to dust;" and instantly quitted the room. Some of the company immediately followed to pacify him: a courier was dispatched to Vienna, and in a few days the treaty was signed.

Some of Bonaparte's friends talking over the above treaty with him, observed, that he had given the Emperor too much—"It was

a game of vingt-un," replied he; "I was twenty, and I stood."

When Bonaparte first came in view of the pyramids of Egypt, he cried out to those about him, "From the summit of these pyramids forty centuries are contemplating our actions."

On the night after the hard fought battle of Arcola, Bonaparte traversed the camp in the dress of a subaltern officer. In the course of his rounds he discovered a sentinel lying close by his musquet, fast asleep. Bonaparte stopped, took the musquet, and kept watch in his stead, until the regular guard came to relieve him. On awakening, the soldier was astonished at seeing a young officer doing duty for him; but when, looking more attentively, he recognised in this officer the commander-in-chief, his astonishment was converted into terror, and he exclaimed, "I am undone." Bonaparte calmly replied,—"By no means, comrade; recover yourself; after so much fatigue, a brave man may be allowed to sleep a little; but in future, choose your time better."

His mode of addressing the soldiers could not but flatter them.—When advancing into Italy, after crossing St. Bernard, he told the 28th regiment of the line, that as a proof their good conduct was highly pleasing to him, he would march at the head of the vanguard the next encounter. "For two years past," said he, "you have been passing and repassing these mountains, and you are stedfast in your duty without murmuring;—this is the first quality of a good soldier. *I know that eight months pay was due to you a week ago, yet you have not made the least complaint.*

A very singular anagram relative to Bonaparte was devised when he was declared First Consul, which late events have rendered still more applicable. It was formed from the words *Revolution Française*, which, on taking away from it the word *veto*, and transposing the remaining letters, forms the following sentence—*Un Corse la finera*—A Corsican will end it.

When the chief officers of the Marine department were presented to the Consuls, Bonaparte spoke to them thus—"The seamen are brave, and even experienced. Their misfortunes are owing to the bad management of the marine; the captains have not the means to make themselves respected; too much lenity has encouraged insubordination. *On land, undisciplined valour may sometimes be victorious; at sea, never.*"

A few days after their appointment, the Consuls were presented with a pattern of their new dress. It was composed of a coat *a la Française*, of white velvet embroidered with gold, buttoned down to the waist, light blue pantaloons, the sword-belt over the coat, red boots, and a cap of the same colour. It was observed to Bonaparte that a red cap would not become him.—"No more than red heels," replied he.

During his first campaign in Italy, his *lucky stars* or *good fortune* was the subject of general conversation, in one of which a gentleman related the following anecdote: "In a company where Fontenelle was present, a man of talent made several repartees; when he had left the room, one of the company, talking of them in a slighting man-

ner, called them *lucky hits. You are right*, said Fontenelle, *but these lucky hits never happen but to men of genius.*"

The conquest of Italy by Bonaparte, in the short space of two years, gave rise to the following epigram:

Pour asservir le Tibre,
Annibal employa seize ans;
Et pour le rendre libre,
Bonaparte mit deux printems.

T' enslave the Tiber, sixteen years
Claimed Hannibal of yore;
With Bonaparte, two spring careers
Suffice to free its shore.

When Bonaparte, after his return from the Egyptian expedition, met Moreau at the house of the Director Gohier, "General," said he, "I have had several of your lieutenants with me in Egypt; they are all distinguished men."

When Bonaparte visited the pyramids, he entered into the interior of that of Cheops, and there held the following conversation with the Muftis and Imans Sulliman, Ibrahim and Muhamed:

B. God is great, and his works are marvellous; but we have here a grand production of the hand of man. What was the object of the individual who caused this pyramid to be constructed?

Sul. He was a powerful king of Egypt, whose name, it is said, was Cheops. He wished to prevent the sacrilegious from troubling the repose of his ashes.

B. The great Cyrus commanded that when dead his body should be left in the open air, that it might return to the elements. Dost thou not think that he did better? Tell me, my friend, what is your opinion?

Sul. Glory to God, to whom all glory is due!

B. Honor to Allah! Who was the Caliph who caused this pyramid to be opened, and thus troubled the ashes of the dead.

Muh. It is believed by some that it was Mahmoud, the commander of the faithful, who reigned several centuries ago at Bagdad; others say that it was the renowned Aarron Rascheld (peace to his manes) who expected to find treasures here; but when, by his command, entrance was made into this apartment, he found mummies only, with this inscription on the wall—*the impious shall commit iniquity without recompense, but not without remorse.*

B. The bread stolen by the wicked fills his mouth with sand.

Muh. These are the words of wisdom.

B. Glory to Allah! There is no other God but God; Mahomet is his prophet, and I am his friend.

Sul. The salutation of peace to the envoy of God! Salutation to thee, also, invincible warrior, favourite of Mahomet!

B. Mufti, I thank thee! the divine Koran is the delight of my soul, and the object of my contemplation. I love the prophet, and I hope ere long to see and honour his tomb in the holy city.—But my mission is first to exterminate the Mamelucs.

Ib. May the angels of victory sweep the dust from thy path, and cover thee with their wings. The Mameluc hath merited death.

B. He has been smote and delivered over to the black angels, Moukir and Quakir. God, on whom all things depend, has or-

dained that [illegible] dominion shall be destroyed.

Sul. He has extended the hand of rapine over the land, the harvests, and the horses of Egypt.

B. And over the most beautiful slaves, thrice holy Mufti. Allah has withered his hand. If Egypt be his portion, let him shew the lease God has given him of it: but God is just and merciful to the people.

Ibr. Oh most valiant among the children of Issa,* Allah has caused thee to follow the exterminating angel, to deliver his land of Egypt.

B. This land was a prey to twenty-four oppressors, rebels against the great Sultan, our ally, (whom God turn to his glory) and to ten thousand slaves from Candia and Georgia. Adriel, the angel of death, has breathed upon them; we have come, and they have disappeared.

Muh. Noble successor of Scander,† honour to thy invincible arms, and to the unexpected thunder which springs from the middle of thy warriors on horse.‡

B. Dost thou believe that thunder to be be a work of the children of men? Dost thou believe so? Allah has placed it in my hands by his messenger, the genius of war.

Ib. We perceive in thy works the great Allah who has sent thee. Could'st thou have conquered if Allah had not permitted? The Delta, and all the neighbouring countries, resound with thy miracles.

B. A celestial car will ascend by my command to the abode of the clouds,‖ and the lightening shall descend to the earth, the moment I bid it.§

Sul. And the great serpent which sprung from the base of the pillar of Pompey on the day of thy triumphant entry into Scanderich, and which remained withered at the socket of the pillar; was not that also a prodigy effected by thy hand?

B. Lights of the age, you are destined to see yet great wonders, for the days of regeneration are come.

The following proclamation was addressed by Bonaparte to the troops stationed at Paris, in order to effect the revolution which made him Consul. Applicable as it was to the circumstances in which he then stood, the day has but just past when it could have been employed by him with ten-fold effect. Let the reader as he goes on apply it:—"In what state," said he, "did I leave France? In what state have I found it? I left you peace! I find war! I left you conquests! the enemy are passing your frontiers! I left the arsenals well supplied, and you are without arms! Robbery has been reduced to system; and the resources of the state are drained. Recourse has been had to vexatious means, repugnant alike to justice and good sense.—Where are those heroes, the hundred thousand comrades, whom I covered with laurels? What is become of them? Alas! they are no more!"

At the battle of Marengo, some person observed to him that it was astonishing no one who accompanied him was killed.—"They were with me;" replied he, "my fortune preserved them."

The French army was falling into disorder, and began to sound

* Christ. † Alexander. ‡ The Flying Artillery. ‖ A Balloon. § The Electric Conductor.

a retreat, when the presence of the First Consul revived them. "My lads," said he, "recollect that it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle."

In the hottest part of the battle, Berthier telling him hastily that the army was falling into disorder, he replied—"General, you do not announce this news with coolness."

When Gozo, near Malta, was taken by the French, General Regnier found several Frenchmen there, whom he sent prisoners to head-quarters. After having questioned them, Bonaparte said to them in a stern voice—"Since you have taken up arms against your country, you should have known how to die. I will not accept such prisoners; you may therefore return to Malta, it is not yet in my possession."

CHRONOLOGICAL ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF BONAPARTE.

1769.

Aug. 15. Born at Ajaccio, in Corsica.

1779.

Mar. — Placed at the military school of Brienne.

1793.

— An Officer of Artillery at the siege of Toulon, and appointed General of Brigade.

1794.

Oct. 4. Commands the Conventional troops, and defeats the Parisians.

1796.

Appointed to the command of the army of Italy.

May 10. Battle of Lodi.
Aug. 3. Battle of Castaglione.
Nov. 16. Battle of Arcola.

1797.

Feb. 2. Surrender of Mantua.
Mar. 25. Trieste surrenders.
Apr. 18. Preliminaries with Austria, signed at Leoben.
May 16. French take possession of Venice.
Oct. 17. Treaty of Campo Formio with Austria.

1798.

May 20. Bonaparte sails for Egypt.
July 21. Battle of Embabe, or of the Pyramids.
Oct. 24. Insurrection at Cairo.

1799.

May 21. Siege of Acre raised.
Aug. 23. Sails from Egypt for France.
Oct. 7. Lands at Frejus.
Nov. 9. Dissolves the Conventional Government.
10. Declared First Consul.

1800.

Feb. 15. Peace made with the Chouans.
May 15. Bonaparte crosses Mount St. Bernard.
June 16. Battle of Marengo.
July 28. Preliminaries with Austria signed at Paris.
Dec. 3. Battle of Hohenlinden.
24. Explosion of the Infernal Machine.

1801.

Feb. 9. Treaty of Luneville with Austria.
Aug. 16. Nelson attacks the Boulogne flotilla.
Oct. 2. Preliminaries signed with England.

1802.

Jan. 26. The Cisalpine Republic placed under Bonaparte's jurisdiction.
Mar. 27. Definitive Treaty with England.
May 15. Legion of Honour instituted.
Aug. 2. Declared Consul for life.
Oct. 28. Swiss Form of Government changed by the interference of the French.

1803.

May 18. English Declaration of War.
June 5. Hanover conquered.

1804.

Feb. — Moreau arrested.
Mar. 20. Duc d'Enghien shot.
April 6. Pichegru dies in prison.
May 18. Bonaparte declared Emperor.
Nov. 19. Crowned by the Pope.

1805.

Feb. — Writes a pacific letter to the King of England.
Apr. 11. Treaty of Petersburgh, between England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden.
May 26. Bonaparte declared King of Italy.
Sep. 24. Bonaparte heads his army against Austria.
Oct. 20. Mack's army surrenders at Ulm.
Nov. 13. French enter Vienna.

Dec. 2. Battle of Austerlitz.
15. Treaty of Vienna with Prussia.
26. —— of Presburg with Austria.

1806.

Mar. 30. Joseph Bonaparte declared King of Naples.
June 5. Louis Bonaparte declared King of Holland.
July 26. Convocation of the Jews.
27. Confederation of the Rhine published.
Sep. 24. Bonaparte marches against Prussia.
Oct. 14. Battle of Auerstadt or Jena.
27. Bonaparte enters Berlin.
Nov. 19. Hamburgh taken.
Berlin Decree.

1807.

Feb. 8. Battle of Eylau.
June 14. Battle of Friedland.
July 7. Treaty of Tilsit.

1808.

July 7. Joseph Bonaparte declared King of Spain.
20. Surrender of Dupont's army at Baylen.
29. Joseph Bonaparte evacuates Madrid.
Aug. 21. Battle of Vimeira.
Sep. 27. Conference at Erfurth.
Nov. 5. Bonaparte arrives at Vittoria.
Dec. 4. Surrender of Madrid.

1809.

Jan. 16. Battle of Corunna.
22. Bonaparte returns to Paris.
Apr. 6. War declared by Austria.
13. Bonaparte heads his army against Austria.
May 10. French enter Vienna.
22. Battle of Esling or Asperne.
July 6. Battle of Wagram.
Aug. 15. Flushing taken by the English.
Oct. 14. Treaty of Vienna with Austria.
Dec. 13. Lucien Bonaparte arrives in England.
16. Bonaparte's marriage with Josephine dissolved.
23. Walcheren evacuated by the English.

1810.

Mar. 11. Bonaparte marries Louisa Maria, daughter of Francis II.
July 9. Holland and the Hanse Towns annexed to the French Empire.
Aug. 21. Bernadotte elected Crown Prince of Sweden.
Dec. — Decree for restraining the liberty of the Press.

1811.

Jan. 1. Hamburgh annexed to the Empire.
Apr. 20. The Empress delivered of a son, who is styled King of Rome.
Sept. 2. Bonaparte present at an engagement between the Boulogne flotilla and an English cruiser.

1812.

Jan 22. Swedish Pomerania seized by Bonaparte.
May 9. He heads the army against Russia.
June 11. Arrives at Konigsberg.
28. Enters Wilna.
Aug. 18. Smolensko taken.
Sep. 7. Battle of Moskwa or Borodino.
14. French enter Moscow.
Oct. 22. Evacuate it again.
Nov. 9. Bonaparte arrives at Smolensko.
Dec. 5. Quits the army.
18. Arrives at Paris.

1813.

Apr. — Takes the command of the army on the Elbe.
May 1. Battle of Lutzen.
20. —— of Bautzen.
June 4. Armistice agreed on.
21. Battle of Vittoria.
Aug. 17. Hostilities recommence.
26. Battle of Dresden.
Sep. 7. English enter France.
28. Bonaparte evacuates Dresden.
Oct. 18. Battle of Leipsic.
Nov. 15. Revolution in Holland.
Dec. 1. Declaration of the Allies at Frankfort.
8. English army crosses the Nive.

1814.

Jan. 4. Allies cross the Rhine.
Mar. 30. Battle of Mont-martre.
31. Allies enter Paris.
Apr. 11. Bonaparte abdicates the throne.
May 3. Arrives at Elba.

THE DRESSES USED BY THE ANCIENT IRISH.

(Continued from page 337.)

BESIDES the dress which we have already described, the Irish wore the *Barred*, which in the phraseology of the German tongue is called *Bireth*. This was a cap of a conical form.

According to Sir James Ware, the hat was not worn by the Irish prior to the arrival of the English in the island; and in proof of his assertion, he states, that there is no word in the Irish language which expresses it. Indeed, he allows that *hatta* is used in this signification; but at the same time he says that the term bears its own evidence that it is no more than an English word thrown into an Irish form. Others, however, say, that *Canviret* and *Garthan* are used in this sense; but the knight contradicts them in saying, that the former signifies an *helmet*, and the latter a *bonnet*.

The *Barred* was made of the same materials as the mantle, and was ornamented according to the rank of the wearer.

The married women wore a kind of handkerchief on their head, which custom is still in vogue.—Like the *Barred*, the fineness of this head-dress was adapted to the respectability of the wearer. The hair of the unmarried women either hung loose down the back, or was collected in a fillet.

All ranks wore a sort of shoe, which was fastened by a latchet or thong. This shoe was called *Brog* or *Brogue*. In ancient times it was made of the dried skins of beasts; but in more modern days, (for the use of them has not yet been superseded) they have been formed of half-tanned leather.—They consist of a single sole, level from heel to toe.

From some passages in our description of the dresses used by the ancient Irish, the reader may feel disposed to fall into that idea, which has been maintained with such acrimony by so many writers, and which we have taken notice of, and censured, in Mr. Hume, by quoting an extract from his work. To such, therefore, and to such only, it will be necessary to state, that the Irish were governed by laws and punishments. It is a matter of sorrow, that few, if any, writers are inclined to steer a middle course between opposite bigotries. If we chance to take up a work on Irish affairs, we are certain of seeing some of the food which Scylla has swallowed on the one side, or Charybdis on the other; and what little substance may be contained in it, is mixed with the jarring foam of both. But it may be said against us, that the primitive inhabitants of Ireland, being barbarians themselves, formed laws and punishments equalling in barbarity any thing that has yet been known in the annals of the world. Partly to satisfy such persons, and partly to contribute towards the reconciliation of these contending opinions, in our future numbers we shall present some information respecting the coins which our ancestors circulated, prior and previous to the arrival of the English; and we shall then take, if not the same, certainly the first opportunity afterwards, of giving an exact account of the BREHON LAWS which once existed here.

ANECDOTES OF M. FRANCOIS AUGUSTE CHATEAUBRIAND.

THIS writer, whose name has lately been so celebrated in the annals of literature, was the nephew of M. de Malesherbes. In his youth, he tells us that he was led away by the prevalence of

fashion, to profess a disbelief of Christianity. "Struck," as he himself says, "by the abuses of some institutions, and the vices of some men, I became the victim of declamation and sophistry.—Providence used the following means to recal me to my duty:

"My mother, after having been thrown into prison at the age of 72, where she heard the last groans of several of her children, expired at length on a wretched bed, in an obscure retreat, where she had sought shelter from misfortune.—The recollection of my apostacy embittered her last moments; on her death-bed, she charged my sister to recall me to the religion in which I had been educated. My sister's letter reached me when in America, whither I had fled from the horrors of the revolution. She was then dead also, in consequence of the severities she had endured while in prison. These two voices from the tomb aroused me—I became a christian. My conviction, I acknowledge, has not been the effect of supernatural illumination; it derived its source from my heart. —I wept and I believed."

On his return to Europe, he spent some time in travelling through Germany in 1799, where his abstracted air, and meditative manners, were the occasion of his being arrested as a spy. He was soon cleared of this unjust suspicion, by the interference of several distinguished personages; and on his liberation, he settled in London, where he published an Essay on Revolutions, ancient and modern, considered with regard to that of the French. He also began there the first edition of his celebrated work on the Genius of Christianity, and had proceeded some length in the printing, when he perceived some imperfections, which determined him to alter and improve it. Soon after, the revolution of the 9th of November, 1799, which invested Bonaparte with the Consular dignity, restored him to his native country. On his arrival at Paris, he connected himself with Fontanes, La Harpe, and other literary characters. He assisted in editing the Mercure, but was chiefly engaged in the publication of his favourite work already mentioned. It appears to have been well received. It was Bonaparte's policy to render religion subservient to his schemes of aggrandizement. His influence had restored it to its former state of respect in France—writings in its favour became fashionable, and Chateaubriand's treatise went through three editions in two years. His opinions relative to the supreme authority in France in 1802, when the third edition was published, and of the happy effects produced by the interference of the government in favour of the ancient form of religion, may best be inferred from his own words:—

"I think that every writer who has reason to expect some readers, performs a service to society in endeavouring to rally the public mind around the standard of religion; even, were he to ruin his reputation as a writer, he is bound in conscience to join his strength, small as it may be, to that of the powerful man who has raised us from the abyss. "He," says M. Lally Tollendal, "to whom all power has been given to pacify the world, and to whom all authority has been entrusted to re-establish France, has said to the Prince of Priests, as Cyrus of old:—*Jehovah, the God of Heaven, has given me the kingdoms of the earth, and*

has entrusted to me the rebuilding of his temple. Go, ascend the holy mountain of Jerusalem, rebuild the temple of Jehovah." At the order of the liberator, all the Jews, even to the very least among them, ought to collect materials, to hasten the rebuilding of the edifice. I, an obscure Israelite, now bring my grain of sand. Dare I flatter myself that my mother, from the immortal habitation in which she resides, has stimulated my exertions? May she, at least, have accepted my expiation!"

In 1803, he was secretary to the embassy to Rome, under the celebrated Cardinal Fesch. He remained there but a short time, and was subsequently appointed French Minister in the Valais. He resigned this new office early in 1804, and in the same year published a new edition of the Genius of Christianity.

When at Rome, he employed himself on a work which he called the Martyrs, or the triumph of the Christian Religion; but after having sketched out the plan of several books of it, he determined to visit the countries in which he had laid the scene of this composition.

He therefore set out about the middle of 1806 from Paris, through Milan, Venice, Trieste, Sparta, Argos, Corinth, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Memphis, Carthage. On his return he was nearly shipwrecked on the island of Lampedusa, and tells us that, when the vessel appeared in great danger, he put into a bottle closely corked, a slip of paper with the following words—"F. A. de Chateaubriand, shipwrecked on the Isle of Lampedusa, the 28th of December, 1806, on his return from the Holy Land." He intended to commit this document to the waves at the last extremity; to which, however, he was not driven.

From Tunis he returned through Spain, and arrived in his native country about a year from the date of his departure. Since that period he has attracted little notice by his publications, unless we except the extravagant *Epic in prose*, as it has been styled, of the Martyrs, until after the downfal of Bonaparte, he has published an essay on the necessity of rallying round the legitimate sovereigns of France. What were his motives for so violent and sudden change of opinion relative to the person under whose sway he had so long lived, is not certain; he throws out obscure hints of the dangers he had been exposed to, and tells his readers, that the battle still raged at Montmartre, while he was engaged in this patriotic business; thus intimating, that had success taken an opposite turn, he would have been exposed to ruin. What his apprehensions might have been as to the risque he ran must be best known to himself; but it is certain, that even before the battle at Montmartre, the fate of Bonaparte was predicted with much certainty at Paris. No person at all acquainted with the leading members of government could have had doubts on it. Had M. de Chateaubriand, and all the innumerable advocates of the new order of things, spoken out but one-tenth part of the truths six months ago, they now utter so boldly, their patriotism and devotion would have been praise-worthy, and might have done good. But small, indeed, is the merit due to that principle, which is torpid until the danger is past, and bursts forth in a flame during the season of rejoicing.

Social Economy, and the Useful Arts.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

ON THE STATE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

No. 2.

After the Royal Free Schools, the Diocesan Schools come next to be considered. They were originally established in the reign of Elizabeth, in consequence of an act of Parliament, directing that there should be a free school in every diocese in Ireland; that the school-house should be erected in the principal shire town of every diocese, at the cost of the whole diocese, under the direction of the Bishop and the Sheriff; that the Lord Lieutenant should nominate the school-masters, except in the dioceses of Armagh, Dublin, Meath, and Kildare, and that he should also fix his salary, one-third of which was to be paid by the Bishop, and two-thirds by the Parsons, Vicars, Prebendaries, and other Ecclesiastical Persons, in equal shares.

Free Schools were established in most, if not all the dioceses, under this act. But, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, they fell into neglect, and though several acts have since been passed in their favour, they appear never to have answered the end of their establishment.

The following table will give a clear view of the state of this branch of public education in 1810, since which time no alteration of any consequence has taken place:

Dioceses.	*School-Houses.*	*Salaries.*			*Pupils.*		
					Free	*Day*	*Brd.*
Armagh,	No school,						
Dublin and Glandelagh,	No school,	£	s.	d.			
Tuam and	A house, and rood of ground,	28	4	9	0	6	18
Ardagh,	Ruinous house,	23	0	0	0	15	4
Cashel and	No house,	40	0	0	0	16	0
Emly,	No school,						
Kildare,	House and garden,	25	0	0	0	10	10
Down and	No house,	30	0	0	0	6	8
Connor,	An acre of ground,	40	0	0	0	0	0
Leighlin and	A house,	15	0	0	0	3	19
Ferns,	House and rood of ground,	30	0	0	0	30	20
Elphin,	House and fifteen acres,	40	0	0	7	22	2
Meath,	A house,	40	0	0	0	14	0
Limerick,	No school,						
Ardfert, and	A house,	80	0	0	2	2	22
Aghadoe,	No school,						
Killala, and Achonry,	No school,						
Clonfert & Kilmacdonagh,	No school,						
Killaloe and Kilfenora,	House and garden,	28	0	0	0	12	16
Waterford and Lismore,	No school,						
Derry,	A house,	40	0	0	3	28	17
Dromore,	No house, an acre of land,	22	0	0	0	6	0
Cork, and	No house,	30	0	0	0	70	0
Ross,	No house,	30	0	0	0	0	1
Clogher,	No house,	39	0	0	1	6	6
Cloyne,	Thatched cabin,	30	0	0	0	30	9
Ossory,	No school,						
Raphoe,	No school,						
	Total,	601	4	9	13	276	143

SUMMARY OF THE ABOVE TABLE.

Out of twenty-eight dioceses, eighteen only have schools of any kind.

The total income is £601.

The total number of children instructed is—

Free-scholars	14
Day-scholars	276
Boarders	143
Total	433

This statement needs no comment.

The next division of classical schools are those of private foundation, the first of which are Navan and Ballyroan, founded by Alderman John Preston, in the year 1686, the nomination of the masters to be in his eldest son, and his heirs male for ever.

The affairs of this charity appear to have been very ill managed.—Much money was irrecoverably lost; and at length they were put under the control of the Chancellor, by whose direction the lands were set up to auction on the expiration of the old lease, and were sold for twenty-one years, at the yearly rent of £1465 15 0. There is out of this an annual saving of £1000, after defraying the expences of the two schools.

Navan school is held by the Rev. F. Hamilton, who is but a nominal school-master; he receiving a salary of £105, of which he pays £40 to an usher, who is the actual school-master. At the time of the enquiry there were but five pupils, and never more than seven.

Ballyroan school is also held in the same manner, by a nominal master, the Rev. Joseph Preston. His salary is £75, of which £35 is allowed to an usher. The number of pupils is about 50, of whom 7 or 8 are free scholars. Hence it may be seen, that the benevolent intentions of the founder of these schools are equally ineffectual as those of the Legislature, in promoting the desirable object for which these large bequests and grants were appropriated.

The next classical schools of private foundation are those of Drogheda, Galway, Tipperary, and Ennis, founded by Sir Erasmus Smyth, and the entire management of their concerns was vested in Governors, incorporated by a charter of Charles II. in the year 1669.—The property vested in these schools is so great, that after paying all salaries, and granting large sums for purposes not immediately connected with school education, an overplus of £35,000 has accrued, which has been vested in government stock, and produces an annual income of upwards of £1300. Some part of this large income has been lately appropriated to the foundation of English schools for the lower orders, which shall be noticed in their proper places.

The present state of the schools is as follows:

DROGHEDA SCHOOL.

This school, which, when under the direction of the celebrated Dr. Norris, was one of the most remarkable classical seminaries in Ireland, declined so rapidly under his immediate successor, that the Governors at length felt it their duty to remove him. In 1807, Doctor Dowdal was appointed head master, and under him the school is again recovering its former character as a place of education; as in two years the number of pupils had encreased from twenty, one of whom only was a boarder, to ninety-eight, of whom sixty-six were boarders. His salary is £100 and a house, which he is obliged to

keep in repair. There is no land annexed to the endowment. The governors have made him a liberal allowance for putting the whole of the buildings into complete repair; they have also re-established a head-usher, at a salary of £100 and a house, and appointed a second assistant, at a salary of £80. The school-room and play-ground are spacious, and well adapted for the purposes they are intended for.

GALWAY SCHOOL.

The present master, the Rev. C. Wade, derives an annual income of more than £320 from his situation. The number of pupils was thirty day scholars, and one boarder. It appeared that all the duties were delegated to the head usher, until lately, when greater attention has been paid to them, and the school, in consequence, presents an appearance of increase. The house is inconveniently situated in the closest and most crowded part of the town. To remedy this inconvenience, the governors purchased a piece of ground near the town, on which to erect a new school-house, but no progress has as yet been made in the building.

TIPPERARY SCHOOL.

The Rev. Marshal Clarke was appointed head-master to this school in 1807. His emoluments consist of £100 per annum, and ten acres of land rent free. The number of pupils is thirty-six, of which twelve were boarders, nine day scholars, and fifteen free scholars.

The present state of this and the preceding school is not so flourishing as might have been expected from their situation. This may be attributed partly to want of judgment in the choice of head masters and assistants, and partly to want of exertion. The former defect would best be remedied by strict examination and inquiries into character and ability; the latter, by an exertion of the visitorial power vested in the governors.

ENNIS SCHOOL.

The Rev. Michael Fitzgerald was elected to this school in 1782, at a salary of £100. per annum, subject, as are all the other masters on the foundation of Erasmus Smith, to the repairs of the house. But it is to be noticed, that when the building was much out of order, the governors gave an extraordinary grant of money. The number of his pupils is thirty-one boarders, eight day-scholars, and eight free scholars. Some of the neighbouring gentry give small sums of five or ten guineas half yearly, to be expended in premiums. The commissioners conclude their report on this school by saying—"On the whole, we are well satisfied with the state of this school, of which we consider Mr. Fitzgerald to be an active and meritorious superior."

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF OXYGEN GAS IN RESTORING SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Extracted from a letter of S. Witter, Esq. Dublin, to Messrs. Nicholson and Tilloch.

When a mixture of carbonate of lime and zinc, or iron filings, is exposed to an intense heat, the peculiar gaseous substance, named carbonic oxyde, is disengaged. Desirous of witnessing the progressive effects of carbonic oxyde, when freely respired, with a view

to comparative analogy, in reference to nitrous oxyde, I was tempted to inhale a portion of it as copiously as possible. Mr. Wharmby, the assistant to Mr. Professor Higgins, first noticed some points of resemblance it bore to the nitrous oxyde, particularly the singularly sweetish taste, and having made two or three inspirations, was seized with a degree of convulsive tremor and giddiness, that nearly overpowered sensibility. These violent effects were but transient, though considerable langour, head-ache, and debility, remained for some hours after.—Anxious to pursue the experiment still farther, I next made three or four hasty inspirations of the gaz, having first exhausted my lungs of common air as completely as possible. The effects were an inconceivably sudden deprivation of sense—I fell supine and motionless on the floor, and continued in a state of total insensibility for half an hour, apparently lifeless, pulsation being nearly extinct.—Various means were employed for my restoration without effect; at length the introduction of oxygen gas, by compression, into the lungs, was suggested, the effects of which may be fairly contrasted with those of the carbonic oxyde. A very rapid return of animation ensued, though accompanied by convulsive agitations, excessive head-ache, quick irregular pulsation, and, for some time after the mental powers were restored, total blindness, extreme sickness and vertigo, with alternations of heat and shivering cold, were painfully experienced. These unfavourable spasms were succeeded by an unconquerable propensity to sleep, which, as might be expected, was broken and feverish. These alarming symptoms were finally removed by an emetic of tartarised antimony.

The extraordinary efficacy of oxygen gas, in cases of suspended animation, produced by carbonic acid, choke damps, and other suffocating gases, seems to be fairly deducible from this fortuitous experiment; it being the decided opinion of the medical gentlemen present on this occasion, that the free use of the oxygen gas was solely instrumental in restoring me to life.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ROYAL SOCIETY, LONDON.

Dr. B. Heyne read a paper, stating the process by which the Hindoos oxydate silver, for medical purposes. The secret was communicated to him by an ancient and learned Hindoo, and was repeated by himself.—A rupee, weighing three drachms, was hammered into a plate three inches broad; it was then immersed into the milk of plants of the *euphorbia* genus. The plate was heated and plunged into this fluid above twenty times, when it acquired only a dark grey colour; it was afterwards placed between the leaves of plants, and repeatedly heated to a degree below smelting, and each time plunged into the milk of plants or cow-dung, till the plate was finally oxydated, so that it could be ground to powder between the fingers; and in this state it is given as a sovereign remedy in most diseases. Dr. Heyne found

that water produced the same effect in facilitating the oxydation, as the milk of plants or cow dung. He also made experiments on the milk of plants of the *euphorbia* genus. In some, the juice is aptly called *milk*, like the caout-chouc, or elastic gum; in others, it is colourless and thin, and inspissates when exposed to the air; others again emit a deep-coloured fluid, which assumes a gummy or resinous character. In all he found traces of ammonia and azote; and hence he concludes, that the narcotic principle is owing to azote, which is probably combined with ammonia.

KIRWANEAN SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.

On the 8th of December, 1813, Dr. T. O. Reardon read a paper on the crystallographical method of Hauy.

It contained a statement of Hauy's theory, and of the principal arguments adduced to support it. The objections of various philosophers and the answers of the Abbé were then noticed, accompanied with a variety of observations on both.

On the 23d of March, 1814, Mr. Witter read a paper on an extensive bed of magnesian limestone, found in the vicinity of Dublin.—The analysis, and some particulars attending its calcination, were first given. Carbonate of magnesia was found in combination with carbonate of lime, in the proportions of 36 and 51, the remainder being made up of silex, oxydes of iron, and manganese. The paper concluded with remarks on the application of this mineral to practical husbandry.

The same gentleman also read a series of observations, with an account of some experiments relating to the formation and properties of iodine. In reference to the question of its elementary nature, he pointed out some striking similarities in certain well-known compounds.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

The Royal Irish Academy has proposed the following question as the subject of a dissertation:

"*Does a country derive any advantages, "and of what nature, from lateness of civi-"lization.*"

The essays to be sent in previous to February next.

The London Medical and Physical Journal for last month records a case of diseased liver, which put on so alarming an appearance as to forbid all hope of recovery, having been cured by strong mercurial excitement; from the detail of the cure, it appears that the disease continued unabated, until the action of the mercury on the constitution was apparent. Also, observations and illustrations from facts, tending to prove the advantages of exposing wounds to the air, after capital operations, more particularly by restraining the subsequent hemorrhagy.

Some important observations have been presented to the French Institute upon the anatomy of insects, particularly respecting the use of the great vessel, which almost all of the class have along the back, and which is subject to motions of dilatation and contraction, similar to those of the heart and arteries. Malphigi and Swammerdam gave it the name of heart; but it appears, from the observations of Lyonnet and many others, that no branches issue from it; and Cuvier seems to have proved, by many experiments, that insects have no sort of circulation. M. Marcel de Serres has examined

this subject anew, and satisfied himself, by innumerable experiments made on the largest insects in the south of France, and aided by the most delicate anatomical instruments, that the dorsal vessel has no ramification whatever; that there is not in the body any other contractile vessel, nor in general any system of blood-vessels. If the dorsal vessel be taken away from any of the insects which possess it, they will live many hours; while the scorpion and the spider, which have really a heart, perish immediately when that is destroyed. From a number of observations, this author concludes, that the function of the dorsal vessel is to produce the greasy matter with which some parts of the bodies of insects are always filled, and that in order to perform this function, it absorbs a part of the nutritive liquor which is diffused in the cavity of the body, through the partitions of the intestines; and which causes it afterwards to transude through the meshes of the cellular tissue, where the grease receives its definitive elaboration.

M. Jourdan, surgeon of the Imperial guard of France, has published in Paris, a translation of Professor Hicker's work on Gonorrhœa, with a preface and notes, which display considerable research, and give much useful information to the practitioner, for the treatment of that complaint.

VACCINATION.

John Murat, a native of Constantinople, and a merchant at Bagdad, has had the merit of introducing vaccination on the banks of the Tygris and Euphrates. His endeavours, however, had long been abortive. He had to overcome the stubborn prejudices of ignorance, strengthened, unfortunately, by an accidental circumstance.

In 1802, Mr. Jones had vaccinated two poor infants. The infection took place in both, but the English practitioner not having been sufficiently careful in the choice of these children, whom distress alone had placed at his disposal; one, which was healthy, went through the disease regularly; the other, which had been long sickly, died a few days afterwards. This accident frightened every body; Mr. Jones could procure no other children, and vaccination was for a time exploded. John Murat's opinions, in the mean time, remained unchanged, and he frequently procured matter from Constantinople, but he did not succeed in having a single child entrusted to him to vaccinate. At length, in 1810, he had a child born unto him, whom, at a proper time, he vaccinated. The experiment answered his expectation, and produced a favourable change of sentiment on a great number of christians, who had been witnesses to the operations. Crowds daily attended with their children to be vaccinated. The Turks and Arabs, although contrary to their religious tenets, on the score of predestination, speedily followed the example. Ninety-six Turkish and Arab children have been vaccinated in the course of the year 1813.—Among other distinguished personages, the Mufti, the Defterdar, and Davoud Effendi, brother-in-law to the Pacha of Bagdad, have had their children vaccinated.—The Pacha has also signified his satisfaction, by sending John Murat a handsome present.

Not satisfied with his success at Bagdad, the benevolent Murat has procured missionaries to visit Me-

sopotamia and Armenia, and has instructed them in the operation, furnishing them at the same time with directions, printed in Arabic and Armenian, for propagating the benefits of vaccination.

DIRECTIONS FOR PREVENTING SUDDEN DEATH, FROM DRINKING COLD WATER, OR COLD LIQUORS OF ANY KIND, IN WARM WEATHER.

1. Do not drink while you are warm. Or,

2. Drink only a small quantity at once, and let it remain a short time in your mouth, before you swallow it. Or,

3. Grasp the vessel out of which you are about to drink, for a few minutes with both your hands. Or,

4. Wash your hands and face, and rinse your mouth with cold water, before you drink.

If these precautions have been neglected, and the disorder incident to drinking the cold liquor has been produced, give from 40 to 60 drops of liquid laudanum, in spirits and water, or warm drink of any kind. If these should fail of giving relief, the same quantity may be repeated every twenty minutes, until the pain and spasms abate.

ON THE PROGRESS OF STATISTICAL INQUIRIES IN IRELAND.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

In enumerating the various attempts made to procure an accurate account of the state of Ireland with relation to its internal resources,* one very singular circumstance was passed over in silence, nor can it be farther noticed at present than by giving a bare statement of the fact. It is well known that William the Conqueror, after he had obtained possession of England, caused a survey of the whole kingdom to be taken, the account of which, called Domesday Book, is still in existence, and stands as an everlasting proof of the political sagacity of the king, by whom it had been devised, and of the accuracy of those by whom it was executed. But it is not known that a similar survey of Ireland was taken soon after the English conquest, and that the documents relative to it were in existence for some time after it was taken, at least long enough to ascertain the authenticity of the fact.* Neither has any notice been taken of those writers who have compiled treatises professedly on the subject of Irish Statistics, because the same reasons which prevented the success of the County surveys already spoken of, bear with still greater force against any compilations of an unassisted individual. The mass of information to be collected is too great, and the means of collecting too limited, to expect accuracy, and accuracy alone can command success.

The labours of an individual in another part of the empire has at length, demonstrated the proper course to be pursued in these researches. The history of what Sir John Sinclair has done in Scotland, will afford the best means of

* See Vol. 1. p. 492.

* It is not yet in our power to lay before our readers the proofs of this curious fact; when we are in full possession of them, the earliest opportunity shall be taken to make them public, through the medium of our pages.

Ed. M. M.

comprehending what is now doing in Ireland, to attain a complete knowledge of this interesting subject. He, by opening a correspondence with the Scotch clergy, has procured accurate and authentic accounts of the present state of every parish in that country, which he has published in a series of volumes, each verified by the name of the clergyman by whom it was transmitted. In very few instances has he been disappointed in their co-operation. Indeed, the education, literary habits, and national feelings of this class of society, suited them peculiarly to be able co-adjutors in pressing forward such a plan. Where these sources of information failed, he deputed persons sufficiently qualified to supply the deficiencies, and thus has, after the persevering labour of several years, been able to lay before the nation a mass of information, from which the Statesman, the Economist, or the Philanthropist, can select with the utmost facility (for the materials are ready arranged) whatever is necessary for his peculiar object. The work consists of twenty large octavo volumes, to which has since been added another, as an appendix, containing additional information, tending to correct the mistakes, or supply the omissions which the writers had detected in their preceding statements. The advantages of a work executed on such a plan are manifold. By publishing the account of each parish in a separate memoir, the reader is certain of finding an accurate account of every interesting particular to be found in a space of country not too large to be submitted to the investigation of a single person.

A similar process has been adopted in order to compile a statistical account of Ireland, a country possessed of all the *materiel* of national prosperity and happiness, but which, from the ignorance or apathy, or whatever other cause, of those to whose care her interests were intrusted, is as yet unknown or misapplied. A statement of it would be but a repetition of what has been already mentioned relative to the Statistical account of Scotland. The difficulties to be overcome in the commencement of a work of such extent and magnitude, may best be judged of by the fact, that it is now nearly two years since the inquiries, by which the information was to be collected, were first circulated, and the expences incurred in letters, clerks, extra printing, and other incidents, such, that an extended sale will do little more than cover them. It is, however, a pleasing reflection, that in no quarter whatsoever has any information been refused; every one seems anxious to promote a work, from the judicious compilation of which so much good may be expected. By entrusting it in the hands of the clergy, he has secured a certainty of general skill and integrity. By publishing each memoir unaltered, every writer becomes responsible in character, as an author and a man of veracity, for the statement to which he has annexed his name. And by laying them before the public, in the state in which they have been transmitted to him, the author, though he may have forfeited some celebrity as a literary character, must be more than indemnified by the more honourable title of a faithful compiler. His work becomes a great statistical dictionary—a book of reference, where every student may find immediately the information he requires.

Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

CRITICAL CATALOGUE OF NEW BOOKS.

The Feast of the Poets, with notes, and other pieces in verse, by the Editor of the Examiner—8vo. pp. 157. CAWTHORN, London. 1814.

This Feast of the Poets may well be called a feast for the lover of poetry. It is intended as a critical review of the most celebrated living Bards, executed with much vivacity, and by no means deficient in judgment. The plan or poetical machinery adopted to bring forward the several characters, is old; the use made of it is novel.

Apollo is represented as paying a visit to London, to enquire into the present state of the British muse, and, as every matter of importance there is effected by a dinner, he proposes to bring them together by a feast. His first appearance on earth is described in a lively strain of familiar versification.

Imagine, however, if shape there must be,
A figure sublim'd above mortal degree;
His limbs the perfection of elegant strength—
A fine flowing roundness inclining to length—
A back dropping in—an expansion of chest
(For the God, you'll observe, like his statues was drest);
His throat like a pillar, for smoothness and grace,
His curls in a cluster—and then such a face,
As mark'd him at once the true offspring of Jove—
The brow all of wisdom—the lips all of love;
For though he was blooming, and oval of cheek,
And youth down his shoulders went blooming and sleek,
Yet his look with the reach of past ages was wise,
And the soul of eternity thought through his eyes.
I would not say more, lest my climax should lose;
Yet now I have mentioned those lamps of the muse,
I can't but observe what a splendor they shed,
When a thought more than common came into his head,
Then they leap'd in their frankness, deliciously bright,
And shot round about them an arrowy light;
And if, as he shook back his hair in its cluster,
A curl fell athwart them, and darkened their lustre;
A sprinkle of gold thro' the duskiness came,
Like the sun thro' a tree when he's setting in flame.

The Comic Writers first present themselves.

There was Arnolds, and Reynolds, and Dibdin, and Cherry,
All grinning as who should say, "shan't we be merry?"
And *mighty dull* Cobb, lumb'ring just like a bear up,
And sweet Billy Dimond, a putting his hair up.
The God, for an instant, sat fixed as a stone,
Till recovering, he said, in a good-natur'd tone,
"Oh, the waiters—I see—Ah, 'tis all very well—
Only one of you'll do, just to answer the bell."
But Lord, to see all the great Dramatists' faces!
They look'd at each other, and made such grimaces;
Then turning about, left the room in vexation,
And Hook, they say, could not help muttering—"Damnation!"

Spencer, Rogers, and Montgomery are *asked to tea*; Crabbe is allowed to *sit in the kitchen*. Hayley is driven off by a hint at his over re-

finement. Gifford—we wish we had room for him here. The unmerciful, and often unjust castigator of others, must meet with but little condolence, when he smarts beneath the scourge of well-earned censure.

Scott, Campbell, and particularly Moore, are welcomed—the latter, with this judicious admonition—

——It gives me, dear Tom, a delight above measure,
To find how you've mended your notions of pleasure;
For never was poet, whose fanciful hours
Could bask in a richer abstraction of bowers,
With sounds and with spirits of charm to detain
The wonder-eyed soul in their magic domain;
And never should poet, so gifted and rare,
Pollute the bright Eden Jove gives to his care,
But love the fair Virtue, for whom it is given,
And keep the spot pure for the visits of Heaven.

Southey is admitted, but all the rest of the *School of Nature* are indiscriminately excluded. In doing so, the writer gives an admirable parody on Wordsworth, in one of his paroxysms of simplicity.—It is, indeed, so well executed, as to have been mistaken by many for a quotation.

And t'other, some lines he had made on a straw,
Shewing how he had found it, and what it was for,
And how, when 'twas balanc'd, it stood like a spell;
And how, when 'twas balanc'd no longer——it fell!
A wild thing of scorn he described it to be,
But he said it was patient to heaven's decree,
Then he gaz'd upon nothing—and looking forlorn,
Dropp'd a natural tear on that wild thing of scorn!

Apollo at length having chosen his party, drives away the rest of the crowd who were pressing up for a seat, by a display of his divinity.

Not one ventur'd up, nor would stay near the place;
Even Croker* declined, *notwithstanding his face*,
And old Peter Pindar turn'd pale, and suppress'd,
With a dead-bed sensation, a blasphemous jest.

The characters of the chosen few are ingeniously allegorised.

So saying, he led through the dining-room door,
And seating the poets, cried, "Laurels for four!"
No sooner demanded, than, lo! they were there,
And each of the bards had a wreath in his hair.
Tom Campbell's with willow and poplar was twined,
And Southey's with mountain-ash pluck'd in the wind;
And Scott's with a heath from his old garden stores,
And with vine-leaves, and jump-up-and-kiss-me,‡ Tom Moore's.

Though the Critic's professed purpose is to determine the relative merits of the most celebrated living poets, he has devised an ingenious method of insinuating his opinion as to the proportionate rank of some of the great models of English verse.

I must mention, however, that during the wine,
The mem'ry of Shakspeare was toasted with nine;
When, lo, as each poet was lifting his cup,
A strain of invisible music struck up.

* The compiler of the battles of Talavera, Treasurer to the Admiralty, and Irish cross-examiner to the House of Commons—vide Mrs. Clarke's trial.

‡ One of the many names of Pansy, or Heart's-ease.

'Twas a mixture of all the most exquisite sounds,
To be heard upon earthly or fanciful grounds,
Where pomps or where passions there coming declare,
Or there's something at work in the moon-shiny air,
For the trumpet sprang out, with a fierce blowing blast,
And the haut-boys lamentingly mingled and pass'd;
'Till a smile drawing sweetness stole in at the close,
With the breathing of flutes, and *the smoothing of bows*;
And Ariel was heard, singing *thinly* and soft,
Then with (*in*) trickay tenuity vanish'd aloft.
The next name was Milton, and six was the shout,
When bursting at once in its mightiness out,
The organ came gathering and rolling its thunder,
Yet wanted not intervals calmer of wonder,
Nor stops of low sweetness, like winds when they fall,
Nor voices Elysian, *that came with a call*.
Then followed my Spencer, with five to his share,
And the light neighing trumpet leap'd freshly on air,
With preludes of flutes as to open a scene,
And pipes with coy snatches that started between,
'Till sudden it stopp'd—and you heard a dim strain
Like the shell of old Triton far over the main.

In this species of versification, many levities, and what elsewhere might be deemed inaccuracies, are admissible. Yet many might have been easily pruned away; it would have been better so. Carelessness in a professed critic is inexcusable. However, whatever be its faults, this jeu d'esprit will be read with pleasure by every student of real taste; and those who are too fastidious to pass over the errors of the poetry, will be pleased with the sound reflections introduced in the form of notes; though even in these we think we can detect something of the verbosity of a newspaper editor—a writer who is unaccustomed to feel the necessity of stopping. We particularly would turn the reader's notice to his remarks on Wordsworth; they are too long for insertion. Probably the following may be thought so likewise, but we cannot resist the desire of introducing them, as they throw new light on a character who arrogates much indeed to himself; not content with assuming the rank of reformer of literature, he pretends to that of censor of politics and manners. He has some time since published a ponderous History of France, with a continuation of which the public is now threatened, under the name of the History of the French Revolution. The following extract may serve as a necessary check to the reader's confidence in his principles of politics:

Speaking of Mr. Gifford—

Our author, however, does not appear to have carried this enthusiastic impatience of his against *all* the circles of life, with which his talents have made him acquainted. Like his remorseless, but at the same time discriminating, brother critics, the suppressors of vice, indignation appears to have made a seasonable stop in approaching the higher orders; and thus, from a wrathful and personal satirist of vice and folly, he has softened himself into an editor of old dramatists and government reviews, who is only wrathful in speaking of the objections to princely vices, and only personal upon dead men and respectable ladies. Let a man have made a mistake upon an old poet fifty years back, and he shall be properly denounced; let Mrs. Barbauld, to whom the rising generation is so much indebted, publish but a poetical opinion in verse, differing with the rulers that are, and the opinions that ought to be, and she shall be brought forward with all her poetical sins upon her head; nay, let a married lady give us but an account of her voyage to India in following her husband, and

she shall have gone there to get one;—but speak not of "the imputed weaknesses of the great." Princes might formerly have kept mistresses; they might also have discarded them; and these discarded mistresses, if they sinned in rhyme, might be denounced accordingly, even to their rheumatism and their crutches; but no such things are done now, either by princes, or by the favourites of princes. Speak not of the "imputed weaknesses of the great;" there were vices at court formerly—vices in Juvenal's time, when bad poets were going, and ladies fell lame; but now, talk of no such thing; every prince lives with his wife as he ought to do, keeps the most virtuous company as he always did, and is hailed, of course, wherever he goes, with shouts of a cordial popularity. The vices, that might *reverse* such a character, are only "imputed" to him; to use a pithy and favourite mode of quotation, "There's no such thing."

The reader will find two poems by this author in our poetical department. The latter is a very happy translation of one of Homer's hymns. There is a kind of ebriety in the tone of sentiment and mode of expression, peculiarly adapted to the praises of Bacchus.

An Historical Letter to Sir John Cox Hippesley, Bart. and M. P. &c. &c. By FRANCIS PLOWDEN, Esq. pp. 190. BLENKINSOP, Dublin, 1814.

The political productions which class under the title of *Letters*, are of no very recent date. Early in the last century, we find some publications addressed to individuals on a subject of public import, and therefore interesting to the nation at large, to whom information was thus sought to be conveyed. As the light which the revolution shed over the political world diffused itself more extensively, the rights of the people became more distinctly obvious. Measures of state were no longer carried by violence—the representative was made accountable to his constituents for his political conduct—motives were to be assigned for what was doubtful—what had an appearance of severity, was to be justified to the people, and a dissent from a majority on a popular question, called forth a statement of facts, or an exposition of political principles. Thus Burke addressed a *Letter* to the Sheriffs of Bristol, explanatory of the policy followed with regard to America; and hence also the prophetic and almost inspired strains which, like the fabled swan, terminated his political, and nearly closed his natural existence. His *Letters on a Regicide Peace* were the last efforts of his desolate old age. Since his time the world has been overrun by ephemeral productions, under the various titles of *letters, addresses, correspondences, expositions, &c. &c.* Facilities are afforded for the introduction of matters, otherwise extraneous, an easy style of writing is allowable, and in place of a formal historian, or pompous declaimer, we gladly recognise the communicative and familiar friend. Of all these advantages, Mr. Plowden appears to have availed himself in the letter before us. He is familiar, but at the same time sarcastic in a high degree. His style is easy, but too diffuse, and the matter which he introduces various, and at times peculiarly curious, interesting, and instructive. As our limits will not admit of a regular analysis of so *various* a production, we shall content ourselves with a few general remarks.

Of the politics of Mr. Plowden's *letter* we do not mean to speak; our province is to notice its literary and historical, not its political merits. Hence the justification of former assertions made by the letter-writer, and the investigation of

the causes which are supposed to have checked the heretofore headlong zeal of Sir John Cox Hippesley, in support of catholic emancipation, do not immediately fall under our notice. If the worthy Baronet feel himself aggrieved in political character, or his sentiments on a great national question misstated, he has the *dernier resort* in all such cases—the *high court* of public opinion to which he can confidently appeal. The people do not hastily decide; and though public opinion be that precarious and fluctuating thing which is so often the subject of laughter, even to those who dread it most, still we do not think that a conspicuous character acts right in suffering judgment to pass by default. It is much easier to justify opinion, than undo prejudice—to avoid imputation, than to free the character from alleged guilt. Under the impulse of the same feelings, we pass over all the reflections on the late *Catholic Relief Bill*, the review of Mr. Charles Butler's address to the English Protestants, the dissentions between Dr. Milner and the Board of British Catholics, and the other various, and, to a Catholic, interesting political discussions, with which the first one hundred pages of the letter are filled, and come to that which is more likely to gratify historical avidity—we mean the account given of the suppression of the religious order of the Jesuits. This stupendous event Mr. P. imputes to the united exertions of Voltaire and his associates, the compilers of "that Babel of science and of reason," the French *Encyclopedie*, and a peculiar *caste* of Roman Catholics, known during the last century under the denomination of *Jansenists*. The former, through an unnatural hatred of religion, sought to pull down the venerable fabric of christianity, and from its ruins to erect a monument to their own *philosophism* and vanity. In France this could never be effected while the Jesuits had existence, and hence the enmity against them. The latter had long maintained a religious controversy of a very speculative and intricate nature, with the same learned body, in which the followers of Ignatius were triumphant, and hence they argued, that whilst those existed, their own peculiar and gloomy opinions could never prevail. Thus the infidels and Jansenists, in all things else irreconcileable, heartily joined in effecting the destruction of their common enemy, the Jesuits. To accomplish this, much exertion and influence was to be employed. A body of 20,000 men, amongst whom were many of profound learning and sanctity, and from whose ranks the Papal See had uniformly drawn its ablest and most zealous champions, was an antagonist of no common powers. The task was, however, undertaken and accomplished. The press had already sent forth some severe reflections on the morality of the disciples of Loyola, but without exciting much sensation in the minds of a people who witnessed the morality of the calumniated body, and who recognised nothing new or immediately dangerous in the impugned opinions. But eloquence has a magic influence; at its call spectres arise, or terrors are quelled, and as the conscious master wields his "fairy wand," the startled passions are roused to infatuation, or lulled into dreams of Tempe or Elysium. In one word, Pascal painted the character of his antagonists, the Jesuits, as they

appeared to his jaundiced view, and the world started with amaze at the horrid spectacle. To the keenest sarcasm, and boldest imagination, this writer joined in his *Provincial Letters*, the most captivating eloquence; and by collecting together from the various writers of the order, a few barbarous and scattered principles, repugnant, perhaps, in a remote degree, to speculative notions of morality, but which had no influence on the lives of mankind, he made the Jesuits odious to the credulous part of the christian world. This, however, though one step towards it, would never have wrought the destruction of the *Order*. Other means were to be tried, and the philosophers undertook to give them effect. Not satisfied with having excited the Parliaments of the French nation to acts of the most ridiculous absurdity, in burning by the hands of the hangman pamphlets and folios of scholastic theology, *D'Alembert*, *Voltaire*, and their *enlightened* colleagues, excited by the deepest intrigue the jealousy, avarice, and tyranny of the principal monarchs of Europe. "The destruction of the society, "(says Mr. Plowden, p. 158) "was a common object both to the "Jansenist and the philosophist, for "some different views. It had "been long planned by the Jansenist, who gladly let in the philosophist to concur in the attainment of his unceasing ambition. "It (that is their destruction) "was, therefore, by a thorough "understanding between them, assumed as a common ministerial "measure by all the catholic cabinets, as a necessary preliminary "to the abolition of all religious "orders, to the seizure of their "property, and the reduction of "the spiritual authority under the "absolute control of the civil power." Hence, in France they were expelled from the kingdom, and their colleges, papers, and property seized upon, without being allowed even to answer the many calumnies preferred against them. In Spain, their destruction was attended with circumstances of the most repugnant barbarity.—All the fathers of the order, with the exception of 75, were translated like cattle into Italy. The wretched remnant were condemned to linger in 30 subterraneous cells, which had been constructed for that horrid purpose in the fortress of St. Juliano, where some of the unhappy victims remained for eighteen years, without seeing any person besides their keeper. From Portugal they were expelled by an intrigue of the deepest kind; and the world saw with surprise the total expatriation of its most learned body of ecclesiastics, effected in one night by that bold and masterly statesman, *Aranda*. These were, however, but branches from the oak, which still flourished amidst the storms and tempests that threatened its destruction.—It was not enough that they were driven from France, Spain, and Portugal, and their different dependencies.—"Whilst the order "existed," says Mr. Plowden, p. 160, "Philosophism could make "no way; Jansenism looked not "to ascendancy. On the death "of the virtuous *Rezzonico*, who "even protected, as he really valued the society, it was believed "by those who knew something of "the conclave, that Morino (afterwards Florida Blanca), the "Spanish minister to the court of "Rome, endeavoured to have the "whole destruction of the Jesuits

" made the secret condition of " Ganganelli's elevation to the " tiara." Whether this were the case or not matters very little to the fact of their suppression by Ganganelli, who issued a brief, dated the 16th of August, 1773, by which the entire order was declared to be for ever suppressed and abolished. This brief was instantly obeyed, and Father Lawrence Ricci, the general of the order, committed to a close dungeon, and debarred from all communications with his former friends or subjects. Before his death he delivered to the governor of his prison a declaration of the most affecting nature, declaratory of his own innocence, and the innocence of his order, in regard to any thing which could give cause for their suppression. This document is published for the first time in an English dress by Mr. Plowden, and but for its length should be inserted here. It closes with the following remark on the life of Ricci:—" The announce of this " declaration was one of the last " acts in the life of its unhappy " author. He died soon after its " publication, aged upwards of " 70 years, the latter part of which " was spent in the prisons attach- " ed to the castle of St. Angelo. " After the death of the pontiff " (Ganganelli) under whose man- " date he was imprisoned, his suc- " cessor, Pius 6th (himself des- " tined to breathe the damps of a " dungeon, and wear the shackles " of a tyrant) was frequently so- " licited to restore the inoffensive " and innocent Ricci to liberty, " but in vain. The prejudice of " Europe ran high, and the bene- " volent pontiff felt himself too " weak to stem the violence of the " current. The unfortunate cap- " tives, however, soon sunk under " the combined weight of years " and misfortunes. At his death; " Pius, as a mark of esteem and " respect, decreed that his obse- " quies should be celebrated with " all the honours of a prelate of " the Roman court. But, alas! " how little avails posthumous " respect to heal a broken heart " or an afflicted spirit. At sight of " these posthumous honours, ma- " ny asked themselves the ques- " tion—If Ricci merited to be " confined, why bury him with " honour? if innocent, why was he " held captive unto death?"

To the lover of Irish history, the extract from the letters of Father Young, superior of the Jesuits in Ireland, during the civil wars of 1642, will be no unwelcome treat. The writer is by no means a bigot to the nuncio Rinuccioni, whose conduct he very heartily reprobates. The following picture of the state of the kingdom, as collected from Father Young's letters, is presented to us by Mr. Plowden: " The nation was divided into " three parties. First, the Scotch " Puritan party. Second, Lord " Inchiquin's, possessing Cork and " some other towns. Third, the " Irish confederated Catholics pos- " sessing three provinces, and " many principal towns. The af- " fairs of the confederates for the " then last two years had been in " a declining state: they made a " cessation with Inchiquin for six " months, which did not appear " to the papal nuncio Rinuccioni, " and some prelates who backed " him, sufficiently advantageous to " the catholic cause. The nuncio, " therefore, put all who, by word " or deed, promoted that cessa- " tion, under excommunication, " and laid every place under in-

" terdict, wherever the peace was " proclaimed or received. In the " mean time the council appealed " from this sentence of the nuncio " to the apostolic see. The nun- " cio disregarded the appeal, raised " men, and did what he could to " break the peace with Inchiquin. " I could here wish to give the " very discreet and wholesome " reasonings of Father Young, " but they are too diffuse for this " letter. The Irish hierarchy were " divided. Two archbishops, and " eight bishops, opened their cha- " pels in defiance of the interdict; " the others kept them shut in " submission to the nuncio, disre- " garding the appeal to his Holi- " ness. Incredible, says this wise, " discreet, and good man, is the " confusion—all good will and " reverence for the nuncio have " disappeared. The protestants " exult. Tepid catholics cry out, " and put the worst construction " upon every thing. The good " and cordial friends of the nuncio " lamenting—and we are con- " vinced he has been driven in- " to this rash severity by the " arts and intrigues of interested " men. We lament it—because " the people lay all their misery " to clerical ambition—it makes " all ecclesiastical censures to lose " their efficacy—it occasions loss " of devotion from dissuetude—it " occasions an alienation from the " Holy See, whose ministers so " confound every thing, that it " should seem they wished to bury " the entire government and ad- " ministration of the state and com- " monwealth, under their own con- " troul." But our space will not admit much more remark or extract; and we flatter ourselves, that from what we have submitted to the public, it will appear that Mr. Plowden's letter is not only interesting for the political, but much more so for the historical information which it is intended to convey.

Sermons, by the late Rev. WALTER BLAKE KIRWAN, Dean of Killala; *with a sketch of his life.* 8vo. pp. 408. LONGMAN, HURST, &c. London. 1814.

Concluded from page 505, Vol. I.

The institution for the support of Female Orphans was the favorite subject of Dean Kirwan's appeals to the public. To this charity he was peculiarly devoted. In them, therefore, we may look for the best specimens of his eloquence.

That species of oratory is not to be expected here, which consists in a judicious arrangement of a whole subject, in placing the several arguments so as to reflect mutual light and beauty, and conduct the hearer step by step to the height of feeling to which he should be elevated, which so completely identifies the speaker with his subject, that he is almost unthought of, and even the sublimest flights of fancy, or bursts of passion, appear not the artificial productions of mental exertion, but the natural consequence of the grandeur of the subject itself, hurrying along both speaker and hearer by an irresistible violence. The composition of these sermons rather displays the peculiar genius of Irish oratory, consisting of sudden bursts of unexpected genius, striking the more powerfully as the more unexpected, so that even when the spirit of the orator appears most to droop, the hearer's attention is kept alive by the expectation of some still higher flight of fancy. What is wanting in disposition and arrangement, is supplied by the idea of extemporaneous

emotion, which the very irregularity of the composition is apt to excite.

The finest effects of Kirwan's powers exhibit themselves in the description of character, or in the artful and varied appeals to the passions of his auditory. The sermons on the Orphan charity present some of the finest opportunities for such displays, as the female character, particularly when so revealed as to raise sentiments of pity or sympathy, is destined by nature to awaken the most powerful emotions of the human breast.

The two following extracts, of the christian mother and wife, are of this class:

If the sex, in their intercourse, are of the highest importance to the moral and religious state of society, they are still more so in their domestic relations.—What a public blessing, what an instrument of the most exalted good, is a virtuous christian mother! It would require a far other pen than mine to trace the merits of such a character. How many perhaps who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorns them; or may recollect at this moment, some saint in heaven, that brought them into light to labour for their happiness, temporal and eternal. No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore. Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of her life becomes an hour of instruction, every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue. Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, to which every mind is bent, and every eye is directed; the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion, in adapted phrase and familiar story; the whole rule of their moral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion. The countenance of this fond and anxious parent all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. O what a glorious part does such a woman act on the great theatre of humanity, and how much is the mortal to be pitied, who is not struck with the image of such excellence! When I look to its consequences direct and remote, I see the plants she has raised and cultivated spreading through the community with the richest increase of fruit: I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race. I can fancy generations yet unborn rising to prove and hail her worth, and I adore that God who can destine a single human creature to be the stem of such incalculable benefit to the world. It is scarce possible for the human mind to offer an argument more powerful in support of an institution like this, to those whose views are christian and public.——

In the character of wife we find a virtuous woman equally existing for the happiest purposes. For surely if any thing can have power to wean a man from evil, it is the living image of all that is perfect, constantly before his eyes, in the person whom, next to God, he is forced to reverence and respect; and who, next to God, he must be assured, has his present and future felicity most at heart; who joins to the influence of her example, the most assiduous attention to please, who knows, from the experience of every hour, where his errors and vices may be assailed with any prospect of success; who is instructed, by the close study of his disposition, when to speak, and when to be silent; who watches and distinguishes that gleam of reflection which no eye can perceive but her own; who can fascinate by the mildness and humility of her manner, at the moment she expostulates and reproves; who receives him with smiles and kindness, even when conscience smites him the most with a sense of his neglect and unworthiness; who has always a resource at hand in difficulties, and tender apologies to reprieve him from himself; and a gracious presentiment ever on her lips, that the day will come, when he will know how to value the advantages of good conduct, and the unruffled serenity of virtue. Yes, my brethren, the ministry of such a woman is daily found to work the reformation of our sex, when all other resources fail; when neither misfortunes, or shame, or the councils of friendship, or the considerations of hell or heaven, have any more effect than the whistling of the elements. Merciful God! how zealously should we there-

fore labour to diffuse such characters through the people; and how little, perhaps, do we reflect, when we turn to these orphans, to what sacred, what glorious ends they are destined.

In another part he exhibits a picture of the female character in another point of view, one, unfortunately, too common, and which can never be represented in colours too strong, or in situations too affecting. Prostitution is one of those vices which banish pity, exciting no feelings but unmixed horror and disgust. These feelings should not be repressed—they are natural and necessary; but it is much to be regretted that their weight should fall wholly on the victim, while the real cause, the seducer, is not only unpunished, but often approved and admired. The following passages are feelingly expressed, and deserve consideration;

I know, my brethren, that you are not less capable of being influenced by appeals to your reason and religion, than by those that are calculated to affect your feelings; yet let me remind you, on this subject, of the numberless innocent creatures that are daily drawn into receptacles of impurity. What arts are first employed to keep off, for a time, the suspicion of their fate, the affectation of the tenderest affection, language the most reserved and specious, the generosity which bestows all the variety and finery of dress, the whirl of continued pleasure and amusement, every thing that can discard reflection, fascinate the youthful heart, and insensibly enervate its proudest propensity; till the black moment arrives when the veil is drawn, and the fairest work of God consigned for ever to the trade of pollution. I appeal to your own souls, whether there ever was a case in the mysteries of iniquity to inspire more abhorrence, or, viewed with the eyes of humanity alone, that called more affectingly for remedy? Nay, it is not uncommon to see prostitute caterers for public vice, exhibiting by their sides, in the very pomp of equipage, those devoted and deluded victims; as if the works of darkness were not triumph enough to their infernal calling, without shewing, in the face of the sun, how far the indignant feelings of a christian people could be insulted with impunity.

How many parents, even in the highest order of life, can bear woeful testimony to the total perversion of youth, by the seductions of the vicious part of the female sex! The fondest hopes of rising excellence disappointed; fortune opprobriously dissipated; constitution radically broke down; living spectres of early decrepitude! Every ingrafted virtue, every sacred principle of education effaced, every vice that can dishonour human nature and religion springing from this one impure root. Objects to whom they tenderly looked up for the pride and consolation of their age, often presenting nothing to their eyes but the premature compound of the demon and the brute.——

It is almost unnecessary to mention the obvious effect of female vice, on the morals of men in the lower class of society; if, in that order of life where, at least some principles of religion and virtue have been implanted, and much solicitude obtains on the point of honour and reputation, the effect be such as I have represented, what must it be where the evil in question finds no fear of God, no struggle of conscience, no recoil from infamy, to resist the all-perverting influence? Look to those seats of intemperance, where schemes of depredation, robbery, and blood are secretly concerted, and you will invariably find abandoned women mixing in their councils, stimulating the wavering, confirming the irresolute, reproaching the cowardly, hardening the hard, bearing down all sentiments of mercy, cheering against the dread of consequences, and dismissing, by their influence, not men but monsters, against the security of property and life; this is also what we are here to prevent.——

To whatever degree of wickedness man may arrive, there yet remains some spark of generous and noble feelings about him; examples are not wanting of successful appeals to it; but the wickedness of women has not a grain of alloy from any sentiment that can soften the soul in the execution of the worst horrors. Adorned with excellence, she soars nearest to the divinity; in the consequences of her fall, she descends lower than the abyss! Look to your places of execution, and every feeling must be agonised to see troops

of such women receiving the everlasting farewell of the wretches they conducted to that dreadful extremity! And let ministers of religion say, whether there is one instance in a thousand, of expiring malefactors who do not, with their last breath, pronounce the contagion of such society to be the chief cause of their misfortunes?

With respect to the sermons preached for other charities, though the subjects differ a little from those whose chief themes are female virtues and vices, yet their general style and tenor cannot be very different. In general they exhibit the same acumen of thought, equal vivacity of imagination, and sublime elevation of sentiment, suddenly contrasted with a fall into commonplace prosaic matter, and equal art in varying a subject apparently uniform. The following is the only passage our scanty limits will admit of, selected on account of the highly important considerations it must give rise to:

How far this prediction has been accomplished, you have seen; let me not recall what is fresh in your recollection; what is spread out before you in tints that may never fade. To the latest hour of your lives, while memory remains a faculty of the mind, humanity will weep, and religion shudder, at the horrors that have been crowded into the short space of one season. I pass them over; may we live to atone for the share we had in them! May they never rise in judgment against us! I do most solemnly declare, the more I consider the natural effect of causes, the more I am induced to pardon the guilt (if I may say it) of the people, even white as snow, when compared to ours. I would almost say, they could not have acted otherwise than as they did. Minds so entirely depraved, so completely unoccupied by any restraining sentiment, were filled with matter too inflammable possibly to resist those infernal principles that hovered around them. The knowledge of God, and the blessings of religion, (those infallible resources of subordination and virtue,) we had almost totally neglected to diffuse; the very little we had been goaded to in this way, served but to throw the eye over the immensity that remained to be done; and like spots of cultivation, to render the surrounding sterility more striking and apparent.

The great mass of the people still continued an untutored and unfortunate race, without interest in the public weal; with deep and hereditary animosity to the state and its institutions; ripe for destroying all above them; brutal in vice, brutal in ignorance; ferocious of soul, and panting for the signal of revolt and blood.

To this spectacle of degraded nature, of barbarism in the bosom of civilization, of mental darkness in the midst of revelation and light, we remained hardened and insensible. The great misfortune, the uncivilized condition of Ireland, became no uncommon theme of sarcasm, even to Irishmen.

Thus did we live christians without zeal; citizens without public virtue; men without bowels of humanity; corrupt, venal, dissipated and luxurious; our means were all devoted to the gratification of our passions; and the united cry of religion and our country reached us in vain, amidst the eager pursuits of personal interests, and the agitations of a life most shamefully secular.

The hour of retribution at length came; national iniquity provoked national judgments, and our own people were destined, as they had long been trained, to become the ready and furious executioners of the sentence.

We are sorry to see, that in his severe comments on the national disturbances that were the inevitable consequences of this neglect of the lower orders, he does not dwell with equal severity on the culpable conduct of those to whom they are in reality to be attributed. We sincerely trust, that the noble exertions now making by individuals to remove this national stigma of ignorance, by combining into associations for the improvement of the education of the lower orders, though it cannot remedy what is past, will in future prevent the evil consequences of the neglect of the higher powers to this vital object of government.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

ESSAYS ON THE MERITS OF THE GREEK AND ROMAN CLASSICS.

No. 2.

BLACKWALL, the author of the learned work, "The Sacred Scriptures illustrated and defended," is a good sample of those who admire the classics *furiousement*. On the frequent violations of grammar in the classical writings he expresses himself thus:—"Exchanging the several parts of speech, and their accidents, one for another, to people of weak capacity, renders the discourse perplexed and difficult; but to those who have heads rightly turned to polite literature, gives high pleasure by the charming variety of ideas, and beautiful allusions, and new relations, which arise from such exchanges, properly and judiciously made." Admirable critic! In this writer, in fact, this attachment to the ancients is carried to almost an idolatrous extreme. In the investigations to which he is called by his pursuits, he requires no more than to find in a classic writer some violation of grammar, or solecism in speech, corresponding with one alleged to be in the writings he defends, and forthwith, it starts up an excellence. He seems to reason thus:—Every thing found in a classic is an excellence—but this is found—*ergo*, &c. &c. In vain we deny the reason—he asserts, and *it is proved*. Excellent logician!

This excessive admiration of the ancients has led others again into a different path. One writer, I believe a living one, in a book written expressly on the divine doctrines of Christianity, seems to think the scriptures alone insufficient to establish the doctrines to be found in them alone. He adduces nothing thence that he does not endeavour to sanction by quotations from classic authors—even things in themselves, one would think, not debateable, he appears to think insufficiently proved without a clinch of Greek or Latin—and throughout his whole work he seems to labour under a feverish anxiety to place the scriptural writers in what, I should presume, he esteems good company. Surely, to such may be applied the word expressed by La Mothe la Vayer on a similar occasion—"Dieu vous fasse la grace de devenir moins sçavant." When men high in literary rank act thus, setting such an injudicious example, it is the duty of all, who can, to arrest such practices, and bringing them to a rigorous test, either to confute or qualify. They may assure themselves, that in doing so they will do a service to men of talent, by inducing their cotemporaries to reserve some room in their affections for those, who may prove themselves qualified to please or instruct, even though they may have the misfortune not to have been born two or three thousand years ago.

It must be granted, that in many particulars the ancients are our models; but this is merely because they have preceded us in time; and we should follow their steps, not because they are seniors, but

because they have followed reason. Neither does this imply, that we should follow only where they have preceded. The combinations of reason and fancy are not yet exhausted—they are inexhaustible. We may fearlessly proceed in ringing our changes, fully assured that each change will produce sweet harmony, and that our span of life will be insufficient to ring out the set. In doing this let us take the ancients for our guidance, as a young artist studies his model, which he throws by when qualified to imitate the universal model, nature. This, it will be said, is all that has been done, and is all that has been contended for; and the ancients have been treated with such marked and submissive respect, only because they have been found to maintain an uniform superiority in every thing which they have handled. This is what has been repeatedly asserted by the staunch advocates for our *masters*, as they are termed. But how is this to be reconciled with the notorious fact, that a sentiment or observation clothed in Greek or Latin, shall be applauded out of measure, and the very same shall be passed over as a truism, or a mere common place, when presented without parade in an English dress? How far this blind inordinate respect for the ancients has urged its advocates would be incredible, did it not admit of proof and exemplification. Blackwall, in the work already mentioned, expresses himself thus—"The polite poet Cal- "limachus has numerous beauti- "ful places, one of which I will "present to the reader, which, I "think, in a few smooth and truly "poetical lines, contains a noble "and just acknowledgment of the "divine institution of government, "and authority of crowned heads, "and the finest expressions of "loyalty and duty to his own so- "vereign King Ptolemy. Besides, "we find some of the sublimest "morals and mysteries of reli- "gion, beautifully expressed, and "with the purest propriety of lan- "guage, set forth in this compre- "hensive and strong piece of elo- "quence." Surely after such a preface of laudatory superlatives, we may expect something grand and sublime in the conception, equalled by the vigour and elevation of the expression.

Here is this exquisite passage—

Κακὸν μαχέσσειν ἰείξειν.
Ὃς μάχεται μαχάεσσιν ἐμῷ βασιλῆι μαχήσετ.
Ὅστις ἐμῷ βασιλῆι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι μαχήσετο.
Τὸν χορὸν ἀ πόλλων, ὅτι ἐ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀείδει,
Τιμήσει, δύναται γάρ, ἐπεὶ Διὶ δέξιος ἧσται.

Thus in English faithfully, without the smallest wish to travesty the sublime original!!—"It is evil to "contend with the Gods; who so "fighteth with the Gods, would "fight with my king. Who so "fighteth with my king, would "fight with Apollo. Because the "chorus hath sung according to "Apollo's wish, he will honor it; "and he can do so, because he "sitteth at the right hand of "Jove."

Is not this mountain in labour? A man's optics must be strangely distorted, when in a passage so mean, so bald, so nugatory, he beholds such beauties, as his string of superlatives authorises the reader to expect.

In Pliny's letters, there is a passage applicable to the matter in

discussion. His friend Lupercus seems to have objected to some extravagancies in his style, particularly in his use of metaphors.—Pliny replies thus, after some prefatory observations—"The reason of making those observations is, because, if I mistake not, you have marked some passages in my writings for being turnid, exuberant, and overwrought, which, in my estimation, are but adequate to the idea, or highly sublime." He then gives some instances of bold expression from Homer, and says—"But it will be said, perhaps, that there is a wide difference between orators and poets. As if Tully were not as bold in his figures as any of the poets.—Does Demosthenes himself repress the fire of indignation in the passage"—'I have *thrown up those out-works* before Attica, and pointed out to you all the resources which human prudence can suggest'—"and in another place"—'I swear by the immortal Gods, that he is *intoxicated* with the spirit of his own magnanimous actions,' &c. "The following passage also is conceived in the same boldness of metaphor"—'Then it was, I rose up in opposition to the daring Pytho, *who poured forth a torrent of menaces against you.*' The subsequent stricture is of the same stamp—'When a man has strengthened himself, as Philip has, by rapine and wickedness—upon the first pretence that offers, at the first impolitic step, be it ever so inconsiderable, he *bristles up his mane.*'

There is a great number of quotations, of which these form a very small part. Many more from Demosthenes, and some from Aeschines, all cited as instances of metaphors so bold, as to authorise, in his opinion, the use of those which his friend had reprobated. May we not express some surprise at Pliny's opinion. We are accustomed to hear the oratory of the ancients extolled, its vigour, sublimity, and correctness praised above the feeble efforts of modern times. We may be allowed then to express some surprise, that, when Pliny went into the treasuries of these celebrated ancients, when his cause required the exhibition of striking examples, those he produced as such should be exhibitions of tame vulgarity alone—of mere feeble common place. To all the instances produced in his letter, may be added the celebrated apostrophe of Demosthenes to the spirits of the brave who had fallen at Marathon, and we may confidently dare it to competition with one passage from an orator of our own country—an orator of nature's framing:

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced, no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the first

" moment he touches the sacred " soil of Britain, the altar and the " God sink together in the dust— " his soul walks abroad in her own " majesty—his body swells be- " yond the measure of his chains, " that burst from around him, and " he stands redeemed, regene- " rated, and disenthralled by the " irresistible genius of universal " emancipation." Let us choose now in a language the most conspicuous for varied harmony in sound, and endless power of expression, through composition of its words, and variety of termination—let us cull the most favoured passages from Socrates's famed discourse, which occupied a large portion of the life of man in its composition and revision, or from the most rapturously extolled oration of the laborious Demosthenes—let them be set forth in their most advantageous colours, with every addition that partial wit can lend them—and then set by them this glorious passage, this *extemporaneous* effusion of our darling of nature—will it appear too much to say, that they will fade in comparison with it?

Our claims on this subject are not founded on a single passage: many other passages could be produced from the same orator, equally deserving of praise. In one passage, for example, is described the misery of the peasantry from a licentious soldiery—and of this it may be confidently said, that ancient eloquence contains nothing that can be compared with it. If the common-place figures cited by Pliny are to be esteemed by us bold and daring, how far *extra flammantia mœnia mundi* should we be borne by this host of metaphors and brilliant images, daring, yet correct—new, yet striking us at once with the power of familiarity.

I am, Sir, your's,

PHIL. O'PHELEMY,

alias

φιλ'ωφελιμος.

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

EVERY lover of the fine Arts must have viewed the exhibition of this year with pleasure. Even without taking into consideration the intrinsic merit of the pictures, many causes combine to inspire a hope, that those arts, which are the tests of superior national refinement, are rapidly advancing to such a state of excellence, as may afford an ultimate prospect of rivalling more favoured nations. Nor is it only the lover of the arts that is gratified by such a prospect. Every one whose heart vibrates in unison with the prosperity of his country, must be affected by the sensation. The encouragement of painting, and its concomitants, sculpture and architecture, are the tests of opulence; and not only so, but of well-directed opulence.—For though it must be confessed that the primary application of wealth should be directed to the improvement of the corporeal and mental wants of our fellows, its next application should undoubtedly be the augmentation of their intellectual pleasures, those pleasures which turn our thought from matter to mind, which draw it from the debasing stagnation of sensual enjoyment; and even at the mo-

ment that they afford a relaxation from severer duties, supply a source of playful activity that keeps the springs of intellect uninjured, while unemployed.

The hopes in which we have indulged have been founded as well on the attention paid by the Dublin Society to the accommodation of this infant school of taste, as to the attention bestowed by the Society on whatever came within the scope of their own powers. The saloon in which the pictures are exhibited, is admirably adapted for the purpose; large, lofty, well-proportioned, it affords, when properly furnished, a noble coup d'oeil to gratify the spectator (an attention, by the bye, not to be neglected in works of imagination, where much must always depend on first impressions) and permits him room sufficient to change his position, so as to view the subjects under consideration at every distance, and in every point of view, until the whole is carefully analyzed. The light flowing from above in an even steady volume* is distributed with impartiality and to the best advantage. These advantages have been procured at an expence, as we are informed, of £1400, an expence surely never to be regretted by those who calculate on the benefits that such liberality cannot fail to bestow on this favoured ward of the Dublin Society.

The artists themselves deserve much credit for seconding this well directed liberality. On the quality of *the native furniture* with which they have adorned the room, we will immediately remark. What we wish previously to note is the enlargement of spirit which has led them, by the sacrifice of any petty feelings of individual merit or private party, to combine in one general effort for the promotion of their common interest. Those who know how feelingly alive to every impulse is the artist whose intellect dwells in the visionary regions of imagination, whose life, if he would attain the excellence that emulation ought to aspire to, must be passed in an almost total abstraction from this world, and whose sensibilities, therefore, cannot be jostled and pummelled down by an every day intercourse with society, into a callous apathy—those will join with us in appreciating the value of such a sacrifice of private feelings. But we still more admire the noble principle that has led them to solicit the assistance of their venerable President, to enhance the value of the exhibition. This act of theirs is worthy of being dwelt upon and known. Benjamin West, an artist who stands among the highest in the English school of painting, a school now the first in Europe, was chosen President to this infant society. Even here we would fain pause a little, were it in our power, on that spirit which tendered the post of honour, not to wealth or rank, where it would have eagerly been caught at, but to congenial merit. With the same feeling that it was tendered it has been accepted. The Irish artists now went farther. They applied to him to furnish their exhibition with some of his paintings, in order that they might thus have an opportunity of studying from such a model, and

* This effect has been produced by having the glass so prepared, that its brilliancy is destroyed, while its capability of transmitting the light is preserved. On the southern side, where the sun's rays fall upon it with greater violence, it has been found necessary to increase the dimness by suspending white muslin before the window, in order to preserve the *balance of light*.

that the public might have a just conception of the excellence at which they aimed. Minds not fired with an ardent, a well-directed enthusiasm, would have turned away from a light, before which their feeble emanations would have faded into obscurity: they would have shrunk from a comparison apparently so disadvantageous. They have not done so, and they have been rewarded for it. No man, whose taste is worth estimation, whose judgment is worth eliciting, on entering that saloon, after his eye has recovered from the first glare of individual splendour, when he proceeds to the unavoidable comparison to which the ingenuous candour of the Irish Artists leads him, no man of taste but occupies his thoughts in discovering how far, and in what points, they have attained to any of those highly-wrought beauties, for which the veteran artist is so justly admired: no man of taste but endeavours to ascertain how far they have approached, not how far they have been left behind. He takes pleasure in discovering in each the dawnings of those several graces which display themselves in a splendid combination in the other.

Before proceeding to a general view of the merits of the pictures, we have only to add to this well-merited tribute of praise to the Society of Irish Artists, that were less done to deserve praise, their labours must be sanctioned in the heart of every one of their countrymen, by the purpose to which they have devoted the profits of this exhibition—a fund for decayed artists and their families; and we are highly gratified in being able to announce, that the sum already collected will be considerably enlarged by the profits of the present year.

The pictures sent over by Mr. West at the request of the society, are Saul among the Prophets, and Love taming the Elements. The former of these is a truly masterly performance—Saul is represented in the centre of the fore-ground, after having thrown off all his vestments and regal ornaments, lying on the ground with the gesture and air of one under a violent supernatural agency. On one side are his attendants, forming an interesting and well varied group; on the other the prophets, at whose head stands the patriarchal figure of Samuel, raising his eyes and hands to heaven with an air of chastened extacy, forming a fine contrast with the violent contorsions of the King. The rest of the prophets are judiciously thrown into the shade, thus giving more force to the principal figure. But there appears too much sameness in their gestures. They remind us of the chorus of an ancient tragedy. The landscape is finely designed and executed, suggesting a lively idea of the mountainous country in which the scene is laid. We cannot speak so highly of his allegorical painting. Nothing indeed can surpass the colouring of the principal figure, particularly the lower extremities; but there is a tameness and want of point in the general design, wholly unsuitable to allegorical painting. A spectator might view it for a long time before he could decypher its meaning, were he unprovided with a key. The figure intended for Venus has little or no resemblance to that of "the laughter-loving Goddess." She has much more of the matronly air of Juno, than that which should characterize the parent of the loves and graces.

In turning to the performances

of our native artists, what most forcibly strikes the eye on a general survey of the whole collection, is a deficiency in colouring, a kind of chalkiness in the light tints, and a sombre leaden gloominess in the shades. However, on examining each picture, we find the exceptions very numerous.

Among the historical compositions, "*The Flattery of Praxaspes*," by MEAD, has much merit. The composition is good, the figures well drawn, and the colouring chaste and mellow. The "*Game of Chess*," by COOLEY, does him also much credit, as an original composer; there is a truth of character and spirit in the drawing and expression of the figures, that makes ample amends for what is wanting in the colouring.

Unwilling as we are to censure, where so much has been done to merit approbation, we cannot pass over this department of painting without pointing out one or two pictures, so totally unworthy of admission into what may be called a national exhibition, that we could conceive them introduced merely as foils, could such a pitiful motive be imputed to the "Candidates for Fame." We particularly allude to the allegorical picture of "*Great Britain, personified by Love, offering Hibernia his bow-string to harmonize her Harp*," which for design, truth of allegory, composition, colouring, or whatever else should interest in painting, is so far below the humble standard of mediocrity, that the artist seems to have offered it solely to ascertain how low the good nature of the society would descend. Another, its counterpart in merit, is placed directly over one of West's pictures, like a mud cabin over a Grecian portico, as if to exhibit at a single view the two extremities of the progress of the art. Another is "*a Magdalen*," intended to express compunction. The artist's assumption of the name of Painter seems to be founded on the same mistake as that of many poets of the present day—

> —— Pictoribus atque poetis
> *Quidlibet audendi* semper fuit æqua potestas,

To the Irish WEST we shall only say at present, that every dead subject is not a Christ, nor every weeping female a Magdalen. A painter ought to weigh well his capabilities, before he undertakes a picture which must inevitably induce a comparison with all the greatest masters.

In portrait painting, we particularly noticed THOMPSON, RUSSELL, and COOLEY—all as good, the first, perhaps, displaying a higher degree of finish.

In landscapes, GABRIELLI stands decidedly pre-eminent. The mistiness which appears to predominate in his landscapes, is not, however, a beauty. We cannot admire the undeviating hardness of ROBERT's pencil. His trees all resemble the stone fret-work in a gothic cathedral. "The "*sea views*" by ELLIS display much skill. In some the water is too transparent, and the clouds too muddy.

ROBERTSON's miniatures are very good. The best is that of the *Duchess of Dorset*.

RICHARDSON's pictures of "*Still Life*" display much skill and accuracy, and were it not that this department, whose principal merits are closeness of imitation and colouring, can never be set in comparison with the nobler branches of the art, he would justly claim one of the first places. His fishes and birds have all the vivid bril-

liancy that nature itself decks them with. It were much to be wished that he would either reject landscape altogether, or make it correspondent to the principal subject. One of his fishes appears as if it were a Brobdingnag species, thrown on shore in a valley of Lilliput. An error so easily avoided admits of no excuse.

We are happy to have it in our power to notice some very respectable performances of female artists, Those of Mrs. TAYLOR, in particular, exhibit a taste and delicacy of execution rarely to be met with. In her "*Portrait of a Lady of Distinction, and two of her Grandchildren*," she has done ample justice to an excellent subject.

The Exhibition closed on Saturday the 25th, to open again, we trust, next year; with increased improvement; but at present, to make room for an exhibition of such of the works of the *Old Masters* as can be collected in Ireland, which will afford a spectacle truly gratifying to the lover of the arts, and highly instructive to the practitioner.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR JUNE.

BRITISH WORKS PUBLISHED.

ANTIQUITIES.

Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances; with Notes and Dissertations. Royal 4to. 3l. 3s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century; comprising Biographical Memoirs of Wm. Bowyer, printer, F. S. A. and many of his learned Friends; an incidental View of the Progress and Advancement of Literature in this Kingdom during the last Century; by John Nichols, F.S.A. Vol. VIII. 1l. 7s. with seven Portraits.

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs of their Lives and Actions; by Edmund Lodge, Esq. Lancaster Herald, F.S.A. Part I. folio.

A Translation of the First Part of the Memoirs, &c. of Baron de Grimm, for the Years 1753 to 1770. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

CHEMISTRY.

The Chemical Guide, or Complete Companion to the Portable Chest of Chemistry; containing full Directions for making and using all the different Tests or Re-agents employed in the Analysis of artificial and natural products; by Reece and Co. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

COMMERCE.

Waters' Calculator, or the Baltic and American Merchant, Ship-Owner, and Captain's Assistant; third edition, corrected and considerably enlarged, by J. Schofield. 4s. 6d.

CRITICISM.

The History of Fiction; being a Critical Account of the most celebrated Prose Works of Fiction, from the earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the present Age; by John Dunlop. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

DRAMA.

Old English Plays: being a Selection of such Plays of the early Dramatic Writers as are not to be found in Dodsley, or any later Collection; with Notes and Biographical Prefaces. Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.—royal paper, 1l.

Arminius, or the Deliverance of Germany; a Tragedy; by Charles Knight. foolscap 8vo. 4s.

The Woodman's Hut; a Melo-Dramatic Romance. 8vo. 4s.

EDUCATION.

Proceedings of the Glasgow Lancasterian Schools' Society, at a Meeting held on the 31st of January, 1814; with Illustrations and Remarks; by Joseph Fox. 8vo. 2s.

Prosodia Græca; sive, Metrorum Græcorum, per Regulas et Exempla Expositio. In usum Studiosæ Juventutis. Part I.—Also Part II. a Dissertation on the Versification of Homer, and the Use of the Digamma in his poems; by George Dunbar, F.R.S.E. Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. 5s.

FINE ARTS.

Werner's Nomenclature of Colours

with Additions, arranged so as to render it highly useful to the Arts and Sciences; by Patrick Syme. 8vo. 14s.

GEOGRAPHY.

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Journals of the Sieges undertaken by the Allies in Spain, in the years 1811 and 1812: with Notes; by Brevet Lieut. Colonel John T. Jones. Illustrated by Plates. 8vo. 18s.

An Enquiry into the History of Scotland, preceding the reign of Malcolm III. or the year 1046, including the Authentic History of that period; by John Pinkerton. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.

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BRITISH WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Mr. Stevenson, of Norwich, is preparing for the Press, a Supplement to Bentham's History and Antiquities of Ely Cathedral, to be embellished with a number of beautiful Engravings.

A pair of Celestial Hemispheres, projected by Mr. T. R. Heming, of Oxford, and engraved by Mr. Lowry, will soon be published, with an explanatory Treatise.

Volume XVI. of the Biographical Dictionary, edited by Alex. Chalmers, F. S. A. will be published on the 1st of July.

Mr. William Linley has in the press, Sonnets, Odes, and other Poems, by the late Charles Lefroy, together with a short account of his life and writings.

Mr. Sotheby will soon publish a volume containing five tragedies.

Mr. Lloyd has in the press a translation of the tragedies of Alfieri, which will appear in the course of the present month.

Shortly will be published, the Juvenile Arithmetic; or, Child's Guide to Figures; being an easy introduction to Joyce's Arithmetic, and all others.—Price 1s.

The fourth number of Thomson's New General Atlas, containing Maps of Jamaica, Persia, Turkey, and Hindostan, is ready for delivery, price 8s.

The Rev. J. Ingram, late Saxon professor at Oxford, is preparing an edition of the Saxon Chronicle, with an English translation and notes, a copious index, a short grammar of the Saxon language, and a map of England during the heptarchy; to be published in a royal quarto volume.

Mr. Sharon Turner is printing the first volume of his History of England. This will extend from the Norman Conquest to the reign of Edward the Third, and comprize also the Literary History of England, during the same period. It is composed like his History of the Anglo-Saxons, from original and authentic documents. It will be published in December.

The whole of the Papers communicated to the Philosophical Transactions, by the late John Smeaton, F. R. S. are preparing for publication, in one vol. 4to. to correspond with his Reports and Estimates, in 3 vols. 4to.

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Observations on the Effect of the Corn Laws, and of a Rise or Fall in the Price of Corn on the Agriculture and general Wealth of the Country; by the Rev. T. R. Malthus. 8vo. 2s.

Observations on an intended Proposition to the Legislature, in regard to a new arrangement, as to limiting the Price of Corn; by Thomas Strickland, A. M. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Of Bonaparte and the Bourbons, and the necessity of rallying round our legitimate Princes for the Safety of France and that of Europe; by F. A. de Chateaubriand. 4s.

A Letter on the Corn Laws; by the Earl of Lauderdale. 8vo. 3s.

The Speech of the Hon. Baron Hepburn, of Smeaton, on the Subject of the Corn Laws; at Haddington, on the 3d of March, 1814. 8vo. 2s.

THEOLOGY.

The Fourth Book of Wonders, being the Answer of the Lord to the Hebrews; by Joanna Southcott. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

The Fathers of the English Church, or a Selection from the Writings of the Reformers and early Protestant Divines of the Church of England. 8 vols. 8vo. 4l. 18s. 6d.

Sermons; by the Rev. Archibald Allison, L. L. B. 8vo. 12s.

Free thoughts upon Methodists, Actors, and the Influence of the Stage; by Robert Mansel. 8vo. 9s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Voyages and Travels in various parts of the World during the years 1803, 4, 5, 6, and 7; by G. H. Von Langsdorff. Vol. II. 4to. 1l. 17s. 6d.

Travels to the Source of the Missouri River, and across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean; performed by Order of the Government of the United States in the Years 1804, 5, and 6; by Captains Lewis and Clarke. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.

A Voyage round Great Britain, undertaken in the Summer of 1813, and commencing from the Land's-End, Cornwall; by Richard Ayton and William Daniell, A. R. A. No. IV. imp. 4to. 10s. 6d.

Sir William Stanley's Garland, containing his twenty-one years travels through most parts of the World, and his safe return to Latham Hall. 8vo. and 4to.

BRITISH WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Mr. Stevenson, of Norwich, is preparing for the Press, a Supplement to Bentham's History and Antiquities of Ely Cathedral, to be embellished with a number of beautiful Engravings.

A pair of Celestial Hemispheres, projected by Mr. T. R. Heming, of Oxford, and engraved by Mr. Lowry, will soon be published, with an explanatory Treatise.

Volume XVI. of the Biographical Dictionary, edited by Alex. Chalmers, F. S. A. will be published on the 1st of July.

Mr. William Linley has in the press, Sonnets, Odes, and other Poems, by the late Charles Lefflay, together with a short account of his life and writings.

Mr. Sotheby will soon publish a volume containing five tragedies.

Mr. Lloyd has in the press a translation of the tragedies of Alfieri, which will appear in the course of the present month.

Shortly will be published, the Juvenile Arithmetic; or, Child's Guide to Figures; being an easy introduction to Joyce's Arithmetic, and all others.—Price 1s.

The fourth number of Thomson's New General Atlas, containing Maps of Jamaica, Persia, Turkey, and Hindostan, is ready for delivery, price 6s.

The Rev. J. Ingram, late Saxon professor at Oxford, is preparing an edition of the Saxon Chronicle, with an English translation and notes, a copious index, a short grammar of the Saxon language, and a map of England during the heptarchy; to be published in a royal quarto volume.

Mr. Sharon Turner is printing the first volume of his History of England. This will extend from the Norman Conquest to the reign of Edward the Third, and comprize also the Literary History of England, during the same period. It is composed like his History of the Anglo-Saxons, from original and authentic documents. It will be published in December.

The whole of the Papers communicated to the Philosophical Transactions, by the late John Smeaton, F. R. S. are preparing for publication, in one vol. 4to. to correspond with his Reports and Estimates, in 3 vols. 4to.

Essays, moral and entertaining, on the various faculties and passions of the human mind, by Edward Earl of Clarendon, will appear in the course of the month, in foolscap octavo.

John Philippart, Esq. author of the Northern Campaign, &c. is preparing for publication, the Campaign of Germany and France, from the expiration of the armistice in 1813, to the abdication of the Throne by Bonaparte.

Count O'Neil is printing a narrative of his incarceration, and of the massacre of his family in France, during the period of the Revolution, and of his second imprisonment as a prisoner of war.

The Rev. G. S. Faber has nearly ready for the press, the Origin of Pagan Idolatry ascertained from historical testimony and circumstantial evidence, which will form three quarto volumes.

Mr. W. Wood, author of an elegant Work on Zoography, is preparing to publish a General Conchology, with scientific specifications.

Will be published in a few days, Rosanne; or, a Father's Labour Lost. In 3 vols. 8vo; by Letitia Matilda Hawkins.

Mrs. Robert's novel entitled "Duty" will appear in a few days, in 3 volumes, 12mo.

The Recluse of Norway, a novel by Miss A. M. Porter, is in the press.

Alicia de Lacy, by Mrs. West, will appear this month.

The Confessions of Sir Thomas Longueville, by R. P. Gillies, Esq. is nearly ready for publication.

On the 25th of May was published, price 4s. The Inquirer; or, Literary Miscellany, No. I. to be continued quarterly.

Mr. W. Haygarth is printing a poem, in three parts, descriptive of Greece, with notes and classical illustrations, and eight engravings from sketches made on the spot.

Humphry Hedgehog, Esq. author of the Royal Sprain, and other satirical works, has in the press, the General Post Bag, or News, foreign and domestic.

The Ballantynes of Edinburgh have nearly completed Roderick, the last of the Goths, a Poem. By R. Southey, Esq.

R. P. Gillies, Esq. will soon publish in octavo, Wallace, a fragment, Varia, the Outlaw, and other poems.

Mr. J. G. Strutt, of Belper, has in the press, in an octavo volume, the Rape of Proserpine, and other poems from Claudian, translated into English verse, with notes, and a prefatory discourse.

Mr. W. Berry, late of the College of Arms, proposes to publish in a quarto volume, the History of the Island of Guernsey, from the remotest period to the year 1813; compiled from the MSS. of the late Henry Budd, Esq. and illustrated by thirty plates.

In the press, and will be immediately published, A Voyage to the Isle of Elba. Translated from the French of M. Arsenne Thiebaut de Berneaud, Emeritus Secretary of the Class of Literature, History, and Antiquities, in the Italian Academy, &c.

Dr. Holland is preparing for the press, a narrative of his travels in Turkey during the latter part of 1812, and the spring of the following year.

Sir Richard Phillips will publish every Saturday, The Literary Gazette. The aspect and form of his publication, are imitated from the famous literary Gazette, published at Jena, which for many years has enjoyed an unrivalled celebrity in every part of Europe. That journal is printed in small quarto, for circulation by post as a Newspaper; and it is proposed to publish this English "Literary Gazette," on the same plan; that is to say, on a very large sheet, folded into 16 pages, to be stamped like a Newspaper.

The flourishing state of painting in England may best be judged of by the following account of the great exhibitions in the British metropolis, which at this time delight and astonish all lovers of art:

I.

The royal exhibition at Somerset-house, containing 811 subjects, by 350 living artists.

II.

The Exhibition of Paintings in water-colours, in Spring Gardens, containing 308 subjects, by 51 living artists.

III.

The Exhibition of the British Institution in Pall-Mall, containing 221 pictures, by those eminent masters, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Wilson, and Zoffani.

It is proposed to publish a General Index to the first Forty Volumes of the Monthly Magazine, on the plan of the Index to the Edinburgh Review. It will of course contain references to a greater variety of facts than was ever before to be found in a similar Index. The price to subscribers will be 24s. and to non-subscribers 30s.

Mr. W. Smith has at length printed a

Prospectus of his Map of the Strata of England, &c. It is, he remarks, twenty-one years since that regularity in the strata was discovered which led to the completion of this work.

An account is printing of a Mission to Abyssinia, and of Travels into the Interior of that country, executed by order of government in the years 1809 and 1810, by Henry Salt, Esq. F. R. S. &c. The work will be illustrated with various maps and nineteen engravings by Heath, from drawings taken on the spot by the author.

The Rev. John Owen, M. A. rector of Paglesham, Essex, and gratuitous Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, has circulated proposals for printing by subscription, in two octavo volumes, the History of the Origin, Progress, and present State of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He observes, that scarcely ten years have elapsed since a few individuals in London and its vicinity conceived the design of forming a society, for the purpose of promoting the general distribution of the Holy Scriptures, both at home and abroad. In that design originated the British and Foreign Bible Society; which, advancing progressively from year to year, has established auxiliary societies, and other kindred associations, not only throughout the British dominions, but also in almost every place of consideration, through the largest portion of Christendom; and that it is impossible to contemplate the scale on which the operations of the society are actually conducted, and to reflect upon the single fact of its having already issued a million of copies of the Holy Scriptures, independent of its vast exertions through kindred establishments abroad, without feeling anxious to possess an authentic narrative of its early history, and to learn by what steps it arrived at its present eminence, both of reputation and utility.

IRISH WORKS PUBLISHED.

The Accordance of Reason and Religion, illustrated in three Essays—1st. On the Origin and Structure of the Earth. 2d. On the Formation of Man and Animals, and the Order in which they were created. 3d. On the Rise and Progress of Science and Civilization. By the Rev. Hor. Townsend, A. M. Rector of Carigaline, &c.

The Board, a Poem, in two Cantos, with Notes, by Signior Quarantotti.

Irish Historical Library, No. I. being the first Number of Sir John Davies's Tracts; containing the Editor's Preface, and a Review of Irish History, from the invasion of Henry II. to the Accession of Henry V. with notes, explanatory and illustrative.

A Speech delivered at the Historical Society, at the close of the Session, in July, 1813; by Jn. Taylor, Sch. T.C.D. Dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. W. C. Plunkett, M. P. and published at the request of the Society. 2s. 6d.

IRISH WORKS IN THE PRESS.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one thick quarto volume, Dermid; or, Erin in the days of Boru: a Metrical Romance, in twelve Cantos; by John D'Alton, Esq. Barrister at Law.

The above Romance is in the metre of the Lady of the Lake, and each Canto is introduced by Spencerian stanzas.—The story is so contrived, as to embrace the most beautiful scenery of Ireland, The Lakes of Killarney, County Wicklow, &c.; and in the eighth, or gathering Canto, all the ancient families are supposed to collect from their ancient residences throughout Ireland.

The Fend, a Scottish Tale in verse; by a Lady: in one volume 8vo. is in the press, and will soon appear.

The Traveller's New Guide through Ireland is in a state of forwardness. It will contain new and accurate Descriptions of all the Direct and Principal Cross Roads throughout the Kingdom—Historical and Geographical Surveys of each County, including its Natural History, Antiquities, Cities, Towns, Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats, Manufactures, Commerce, &c.—Illustrated with an elegant and correct Map of Ireland, Plan of the City of Dublin, Maps of each of the Counties, and a Series of Picturesque Views. Including a Guide to the Lakes of Killarney, The Beauties of the County of Wicklow, Giant's Causeway, &c.

The Annual Reports of the Hibernian Bible Society, the Sunday School Society, and the Society for the Education of the Poor, will appear in a few days.

The second part of an Inquiry into the Doctrines of the Reformation, and of the United Church of England and Ireland, respecting the Ruin and Recovery of Mankind; by the Rev. B. W. Mathias, is in the press.

Miscellanea.

FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

The small alteration that has taken place in Female Dress, prevents us from giving more than a single figure this month.

WALKING DRESS.

With a coloured Engraving.

High dress of jaconet muslin, with a triple lace ruff, and a profusion of lace let in round the neck. The bottom of this dress is trimmed in a most elegant style; a broad pointed lace flounce is sewed on to a piece of muslin of the same breadth, which is full, and gauged in a byas form at irregular distances; over this piece of muslin is placed a second flounce of scolloped lace which is put on to the dress by a heading; this trimming has an extremely rich and elegant effect. The spenser is composed of an emerald green satin, with a trimming of a darker shade, and is appropriate to the season, made low in the neck, so as to display the profusion of lace round the neck and throat; the triple row of points which adorn it are in the shape of an olive, admirably appropriate to the present time. The sleeves are singularly novel and tasteful, and are fastened in regular distances *a-la-Russe*. The cuffs are ornamented in a manner similar to the neck. The bonnet is composed of emerald green, of a shape perfectly new, most becoming, and very different to any thing yet worn; a feather of a dark shade is placed a little to the side, and falls over to the point of the bonnet behind.

Gloves and slippers to correspond.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Since the publication of our last Number, a considerable change has, as may be expected, taken place in the walking costume, but it is rather in the materials, which have altered with the season, than in the formation of dresses, that novelty is perceptible. Spensers, as our fair readers will perceive by the plate, hold the first rank in the carriage costume, as well as with our pedestrian *belles*; but mantles, lace shawls, and rich twilled scarfs are also very general. In mantles we have observed three; one is short and round, it is composed of twilled sarsnet of the lightest green, and lined with white. The other is a long Spanish mantle, of drab colour, lined with pink; but neither of these is distinguished by any peculiar novelty. The third, the Blucher mantle, which has just made its appearance, is extremely pretty and tasteful; it is about three quarters of a yard in length in front, and nearly a yard behind; it is made fuller than they have been worn, and hangs very gracefully round the figure; it is cut on each shoulder so as to form it to the shape, and buttoned up with very small silk buttons which are made in the form of a star; the side which buttons over is also trimmed with silk fringe, and from the point of each shoulder depends a light and elegant silk tassel. The waist, which is drawn in, with a

Walking Dress.

Engraved by Brocas for the Dublin Monthly Museum.

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little fulness, nearly half a quarter, is ornamented at each side with tassels to correspond. A double row of scollops, trimmed with fringe, goes all round the mantle; they are about two inches distant from each other, and from the uncommon lightness and beauty of the fringe, have a very striking effect. A double row of lace falls over a very small collar, leaving the throat bare; it is fastened on one side by a broche, and is sloped also on one side so as to fly back and discover the front of the morning dress. This mantle is much worn in pale pink shot with white, in lemon colour, and pale blue; it is always lined with white.

Frilled sarsnet scarfs, though rather too heavy a texture for the meridian of the day, are nevertheless worn by some *elegantes*; they are in general three yards in length, and about three quarters in breadth. They remind one of the superb brocades of former days; and the beautiful embroidery with which the ends are ornamented is quite in the antique style. For the evening they would be truly elegant and appropriate, and to the evening they will, in the ensuing month, most probably be confined.

Slouch bonnets, in satins and sarsnets, are extremely genteel for the morning; the size varies according to the taste of the wearer, but large ones are most predominant. When worn in coloured sarsnet, they are always made to correspond with the mantle, &c.; but they are in higher estimation in white satin, than in any thing else. The slouch is an improvement upon the cottage bonnet; it has all its simplicity, without its extreme plainness.

The Princess Sophia of Gloucester's hat, which is made only in white and coloured satin, is very elegant: the crown is round and rather low; the front is a small hat shape, but turned up behind; a floss-edged ribband ties it under the chin, and it is ornamented in front with a small bunch of violets or primroses: this hat is very tasteful and becoming.

White satin caps, let in and trimmed with lace, are very much worn, and in a variety of forms; they are all ornamented with flowers or lace rosettes, but the former predominates. The Bourbon lily has given place to the Wellington wreath, and to a bouquet of artificial flowers emblematical of peace.

For morning dresses, French cambric and jaconet muslin are universal. The waists continue as short as ever; the backs are, in general, worn full; and the sleeve falls as much as ever off the shoulder. The only novelty is the trimming, which is worn in much greater profusion than we have yet seen; the bottoms of dresses, in particular, are literally loaded with lace, frills, or gaging. To a very tall and graceful figure this quantity of trimming is not unbecoming; but on a short fat woman it looks frightful, as it makes the figure appear even shorter and more bulky than nature intended. Lace is in the highest estimation; after it, gaging finished with frills; and lastly, frills, sometimes five one above another.

For dinner dresses, slight sarsnets continue in some estimation, particularly white. Silk and ribband trimmings are still universal for sarsnets; every day produces something novel in the former: the pointed fringe, though not exactly the newest, is still highest in estimation; it is certainly the most elegant and the most expensive.—

India muslin, trimmed with lace, is higher in estimation for dinner parties than any thing else. Every day seems to increase the passion of our fair fashionables for expence, and a full trimmed dinner dress now costs a little fortune: of this our readers will be convinced, when they recollect the price of lace, and observe on a muslin dress "flounce on flounce arises" of that costly material, sometimes to the number of five or six, independent of the quantity let in in the other parts of the dress.

In full dress white crape and lace over coloured slips are universal for the more juvenile *belles*, and white satin seems in high estimation with the matrons of rank.

With white satin dresses, long lace sleeves have been generally adopted, and in many instances high lace tuckers, and even lace shirts; but this delicate fashion is by no means universal; on the contrary, many ladies who are (as the French term it) *d'un certain age*, display their bosoms and shoulders in a manner that would be scandalous in girls of fifteen.

The hair continues to be worn in the same style on the forehead; but several *belles* have their hind hair brought round the head, and curled in the manner of a crop, which at any distance it very much resembles. Some ladies who do not adopt this fashion, braid one half of the hind hair with pearls, and bring it round the head, while the other half is twisted up behind *à-la-Grecque*.

So infinite is the variety of ornaments for the hair, that we are puzzled to say what predominates; diamonds and pearls will, of course, always be appropriate to full dress, but artificial flowers, light silver ornaments, foil wreaths, and (but very partially, and only amongst the matronly *belles*) white ostrich feathers; with these, ladies' turbans and white lace veils are also in high estimation.

In jewellery, coloured stones are very general for full dress; necklaces of topazes, emeralds, sapphires, &c. linked together by small chains of pearl, are in high estimation; they are worn with bracelets to correspond, and pearl ear-rings.

Kid slippers have superseded half-boots for the walking costume.

Figured silk half boots, extremely short, and to correspond with the dress, are most general for the carriage costume.

Plain ivory fans begin to supersede the lilied crape ones.

A FANCY BALL.

(To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.)

"Nature wants stuff to vie strange forms with *Fancy*."
SHAKSPEARE.

DEAR SIR,

As I do not think I could, by possibility, find a better vehicle than the pages of your magazine, for a detail of my sufferings, I shall proceed to describe them, and will "a round unvarnished tale deliver," for the sake of all men of business and others, whose families are impatient of the trammels of middle life, and wish to aspire to the higher privileges of *Bon ton*.

For the last three weeks I per-

ceived an unusual degree of assiduity in my family, which I have ever observed to be the forerunner of some extravagant request—Let that man beware who gets more cream in his tea than usual, obtains the liver wing of the turkey at dinner, and is permitted to smoke afterwards, and has his night cap and slippers delivered to him with more than accustomed punctuality—he may be assured that a storm is brewing, and that vanity is at work to levy contributions on his purse.

At length I was informed, with some degree of trepidation on the part of the applicants, that a party was to be given the ensuing week, a large one it was alleged, which was the cheapest way of proceeding, as those debts would be at once paid, which must otherwise be discharged by progressive hospitalities; once the expence was gone to, it was only a *very* little more ice and jelly, and a *few* more hams and chickens, and the thing was done completely. It was in vain I nrged that our rooms were small—that was obviated by throwing the two drawing-rooms into one, by making an aperture for folding doors, which shook the whole structure to the foundation. I remonstrated against the impropriety, nay cruelty, of cramming so many respectable people into a small space; but this objection was also overruled by the expedient of taking down the beds, and mounting the elderly people into the sleeping rooms to play cards. In fact, the whole plan had been arranged with a decision of contrivance that eluded every opposition, and not even Burgersdicius himself could have found a hook to hang a syllogism upon.

The morning of the great, the auspicious day, at length arrived, and I was hurried out of my bed, to have it hurried into the stable, through a most refreshing shower of rain. Upon going down to my little office where we usually breakfast, I found it occupied by a grand piano-forte, a bass viol, and a pair of kettle-drums. I then went up stairs to shave in the front garret, the only place my daughters allow me exclusively to myself, but discovered that the floor was entirely covered with pies, puffs, and tartlets. In this dilemma, with my razor in one hand, and my mug of hot water in the other, I blush to say, I was obliged to take refuge in the only asylum left me in the garden, and there made myself fit to undertake my out-door business for the day.

Our dinner, as you may suppose, was brief and comfortless, and the little appetite I had was completely taken away, when my wife told me that she had indulged a whim of the girls, and that the house was to be opened to masks. In short, that the entertainment, like a calf's head hash, was to be composed of the most piquante ingredients—music, cards, and dancing, combined with that feast of reason and flow of soul, which springs out of the mysteries of a fancy ball. To resist just then, was, I knew, hopeless, and I therefore forebore all altercation, and blessed my stars that the imagination of my family had not soared to the eminence of a private play, in which I might have been compelled to perform a principal character.

All that succeeded was bustle in its most elaborate intensity.—The arrangement of the supper table was left to my wife, the girls being engaged in pulling out their papillottes, and disposing their

dresses—my eldest was attired as Statira, and my youngest assumed the costume of a Swiss peasant; as she knew nothing of French, she had been practising a kind of jargon for a few days previous, which would have puzzled even William Tell himself, had he been alive, and willing to ascertain to what canton she belonged. They had provided proper habiliments for me, had I been willing to undertake the character of Justice Woodcock, but there I was adamant, and though painfully importuned, determined to play the fool only in the character of a husband and a father.

At length the appointed hour arrived, and the rapper sounded the dreadful note of preparation—the rooms were soon filled, and the motley groupe commenced their whimsical vagaries. I was bandied about in a most surprising manner—squeaked at by one, jostled by another, and trod on by a third—my eye was nearly put out by the crook of a shepherdess, and my wig actually set on fire by the candle in a watchman's lanthorn; a sailor tweaked me by the nose, and Punch gave me a kick on the seat of honour; but my sufferings were consummated by an awkward harlequin, who, in attempting to jump over my head, stuck half way, and brought me with himself fairly to the ground. I resolved to avoid a second prostration, and sat quietly down in a corner, determined to observe what was going forward, without venturing again into the riot.

There were a few characters well supported, amidst a host of failures; the genius of La Belle Assemblée was well dressed and acted—she had on the front of her head a cap of one fashion, and on the back a bonnet of another—one arm was attired for the morning, the other for the evening, and her habiliments were so managed, that which ever way she turned, she presented some model of the mode; there was a lawyer, whose bag, upon inspection, was found filled with old newspapers; a physician, who wrote more volumes than prescriptions; and an attorney's clerk, who served more billets-doux than latitats; one alderman was the whole night endeavouring to pull off his gown, and four or five sheriffs peers as anxiously trying to get it on their shoulders; there were several highlanders, who kept close the whole evening to an admirable Irishwoman, who was crying plaices; and an ambassador to the Cortes paraded the room, riding on a bull, and preceded by a charge d'affaires, and carrying a dish of flummery; there was a handsome Richard the Third on the system of Walpole, and a charming Anna Bullen, with her head under her left arm; there was an admirable Tommy Moore, in mourning for his friend Tommy Little, with a Week's Preparation in his pocket, and obliged to do penance at the shrine of Lord Thurlow; there were two or three Bonnpartes, and but one Blucher; he was crowned with laurel—victory preceded him, and esteem, admiration, and gratitude were in his train; amidst a profusion of kings, emperors, and princes, his venerable figure stood eminently conspicuous, and I thought attracted more notice than the entire regal crowd who hovered about him.

A female fortune-teller created quite a sensation—she whispered something in a contractor's ear, that made him turn pale, and pre-

phecied a fate to an overgrown agent, which obliged him to call for hartshorn and water; to the great astonishment and mortification of a band of fashionable misses, she predicted celibacy to the two-thirds, and a separate maintenance to the remainder; while to the very few rational quiet domestic plain girls in the room, she promised good husbands, clean firesides, and domestic happiness; she produced a head-gauge to ascertain genius, and after applying it to all the sculls in the room, pronounced only on two of them as possessing any portion of that commodity; one of the owners was a man of acknowledged abilities, but the other was an unknown and very unassuming person, who talked with few and at nobody; did not make faces, nor wear green spectacles; could neither mimic, sing songs, or dance a cotillon; laboured under no fits of absence, and was in short so simple, reasonable, and polite, that he passed with the million for a very well meaning good sort of personage; she also performed a very curious experiment on a lady of exquisite sensibility, which proved to demonstration, that persons who weep on slight occasions feel but little; and that the heart, from being often punctured by minor miseries, becomes at last as rough and callous as the working finger of a sempstress. She talked much of modern education in high life, of tutors, companions, and governesses, of the hedge that is raised round rank and fashion at an early period, to skreen them from the variable weather of the world, and of the likelihood, that when they were necessarily exposed to it in maturer age, they would shrink and shrivel like hot-house plants. She spoke strongly on the folly of expecting to find many friends, and the madness of forfeiting the attachment of the very few we have by idle jealousies and petty disputes—as for the mob of acquaintances, she compared them to the chorus in a Greek tragedy, who talk very calmly about your prosperity or ill fortune, but never stir a step either to promote the one or to avert the other. I could not find out who the lady was who so ably personated this character, for she went away just as supper was announced, I suppose to avoid being squeezed almost to death, as I was in my passage to the parlour.

There indeed a scene presented itself of undescribable uproar, consternation, and disappointment—whether by accident or design, a groupe of Laplanders had strolled into the apartment (my wife had unfortunately forgot to put the key in her pocket) and devoured in character three-fourths of the ice, while a host of Italian peasants had made such havoc among the jellies, macaroni, and asparagus, that not a morsel was left for the company—a mad Tom knocked down our carmels, and a gang of monkies ran off with our oranges—the Turks seized upon our wine, and the Quakers on our whiskey—the Dominos retired in despair, and nobody got a full meal, but the ghosts of Hamlet, Ariel, and Anna Bullen, whose head I held in my hand, while she eat a slice of a cold round of beef, and swallowed a bottle of porter.

My daughters canvassed for music, but in vain; nor was the adage ever more truly verified, though reversed, "No song no supper;" dancing was proposed, but with equal ill success, for who can cut capers on an empty stomach. A.

few laughed, many sneered, and all seemed heartily sick of us and of one another. At length, to my great joy, the party broke up about five: when they were gone I was going to read a lecture, but found my observations anticipated, in the countenances of my family. We have never spoken on the subject since, but I believe they are sufficiently and lastingly humbled, and will, henceforward, be content with inviting their neighbours two or three times during the winter, in a quiet way, and relinquish for ever those idle aspirations after fashion, which end in nothing but contempt and mortification.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
HENRY HOMESPUN.

ANTINATAL EDUCATION.

(To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.)

DEAR SIR,

I read with pleasure your ingenious correspondent's, Sylvester Square's improvement on Professor Inveigle's system of *Mnemonics*—These two gentlemen have done an infinite deal for the rising generation, and, like the improvers of the *mail coach roads*, have cut down the hills of grammar and filled up the hollows of prosody; in fact so straight is the way, that *memory*, without any support from judgment, or impulse from imagination, has only to *follow its nose*, and may be morally certain of reaching the end of its journey in a tenth part of the time usually allotted for performing it—so far such of the community as chuse to submit their children to the experiment are greatly benefitted; *bread* and *education* have both fallen in price; little boys and girls can be fully instructed for a tithe of the former expenditure, and the only class likely to be ruined are schoolmasters of the *old regime*, who stick to Lilly and to common sense. Their situation is certainly truly calamitous—like Othello "their occupation's gone"—they may bid adieu to the *ear-piercing* ruler, and the *spirit-stirring* birch, and sit down forlorn on piles of unopened dictionaries and unthumbed *As in Præsenti's*. Really something must be done, Mr. Editor, for these ruined men; a subscription must be opened to relieve their distress, and I shall conceive myself bound by every tie of *justice* to assist them, for *I* am about establishing a system which will not merely cut up *their* profits by the root, but destroy the *otium cum dignitate* of Aldborough house.

I shall now proceed to unfold my scheme, prefacing it by a few observations explanatory of the necessity for its establishment, and of the admirable consequences that must flow from it.

Hannah More observes that "this is the children's world," and accordingly the principle has been long allowed, and steadily acted upon, that little children should occupy our exclusive care. Parents have been long since obliged, under heavy penalties, to give reasons to infants for every point of their conduct, and to shew cause why glass windows should not be uniformly impressed upon bread and butter. Books of instruction have been multiplied to an indefi-

nite extent, and the whole circle of the arts and sciences reduced into the compass of a nut-shell. Miniature systems have been framed with extraordinary skill, and fitted to the weakest understanding, so that before our little ones can *walk*, they are acquainted with the superficial contents of the earth, and as soon as they can *see*, are able to calculate the eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites. To this anticipation of the natural disclosure of the human faculties, we must attribute the great superiority of the present generation to that which went before it—in philosophy and poetry, in history and legislation, how superior are we to our forefathers; for surely no one will compare Bacon and Milton, Hume and Saville, with the present accomplished and celebrated ornaments of learning. Peruse the *modern* poems, and what do we discover? turn the historic page, with what is it filled? contemplate our parliament, how is it constituted? Comparisons, it is said, are odious, I shall not, therefore, make any, nor indeed is it necessary, where the contrast is so manifest.

If diverting our attention from matters of comparatively inferior moment, we turn it towards subjects of high and vital import, the superiority of the *moderns* to their predecessors is equally obvious—the abridgements of the Scriptures have left little for us to be ignorant upon, and the summaries of Ethics still less in the essential article of morals. Our churches are crowded with the devout, and our courts of law deserted by the fraudulent; the offices of parson and judge are become equally sinecures, and the only danger is, that our statutes will become rusty from want of that attrition which antique immorality was wont to impress upon them.

This celerity in instruction has had also the admirable effect of abridging the usual period of childhood, and consequently of replenishing the population with recruits, long before the old usages would have permitted them to be mustered. Both sexes start up *immediately* into men and women; the intermediate states of boyhood and girlhood are passed *over*, for the excellent reason that what should then be learned as appropriate to the season, has been anticipated during infancy, and so rapid is the progress of our youth, that what Johnson says of Shakspeare, may with much more reason be applied to them—

"Panting time toils after them in vain."

It is a great shame therefore that the prohibitions enacted at less enlightened periods, should still continue in force. If a lad can be qualified for holy orders at *thirteen*, why should he be delayed to *three and twenty*, or why should the House of Commons be closed against *Ciceros in bibs*, and only opened to such as are *said to be* arrived at the years of discretion.

That much has been effected in the department of infantile education, I am not inclined to deny; very many can read *before* they can *run*, and know accurately, while they are wielding a pap-spoon, what was formerly hardly understood when little miss and master were advanced to the dignity of a knife and fork; but I am at the same time prepared to say, that *much more* remains to be done, and that compared with what can be accomplished, nothing has yet been attained in the great art of *forcing* the faculties, and of iden-

tifying the periods of seed-time and harvest. I am possessed of a plan which will give the child of *a day old* every advantage which the adult of *five years old* now enjoys, and make him *full* as effective to all the purposes of human life, and this by means so easy, and (to those who have no aversion to *gingerbread*) so pleasant, that I hardly think any mother, who has the interests of her offspring really at heart, will, for a moment, object to them.

The intellectual powers of the fœtus have never yet been estimated as they deserve, nor have those opportunities of retirement and seclusion which it enjoys, been properly appreciated, so propitious to the acquisition and digestion of knowledge; to these points I have, however, turned for years my most serious attention, and am prepared to say, with the most perfect success. The *alphabet*, it is well known, is the foundation of all proficiency in human learning.—*The alphabet, therefore, once impressed,* the progress becomes as easy as it is certain, and that this can be accomplished I have not the slightest doubt, if *the letters* are swallowed, *fasting*, every morning, by ladies in a certain situation. The tablets can be prepared in any way most agreeable to the individual's fancy, and an ingenious confectioner will readily find the means to render them *palatable*; for the *lower classes* they are already engraved in *gingerbread*, and within the reach, in this shape, of every condition—this I again declare is all that is necessary, the letters will insensibly form themselves into words, the words into sentences, and thus at the period of birth, a fund of information will be acquired, which will make a poet at *two* years old, and a reviewer at *seven*.

My circumstances being easy, I give this discovery at once to the world, without expectation of that emolument which it would have afforded to a poorer man, who would, of course, have only revealed it for a valuable consideration. Of the Rev. David Blair and all the epitomizers, I know I shall incur the rancour, but the consciousness of having done a real service to the community, will prove my consolation. I have the honour of subscribing myself, your very humble servant,

GILES GINGERBREAD,

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

Archbishop Parker had this engraven upon his tomb in Lambeth chapel, composed by Dr. Haddon:

Matthew Parker lived sober and wise,
Learned by study and continual practice,
Loving, true, of life uncontroll'd,
The court did foster him both young and old.
Orderly he dealt, the right he did defend,
He lived to God, to God he made his end.

Ben. Johnson bestowed this as part of an epitaph on his eldest son, dying an infant:

Rest in soft peace; and (ask'd) say, here doth lie
Ben. Johnson his best piece of poetry.

He died himself A. D. 1638, and was buried about the belfry in the abbey church at Westminster, having only upon a pavement over his grave this written:

O Rare Ben. Johnson.

On Sir John Dew, Priest, this—

O merciful Jesew
Have mercy on the soul of Sir John Dew.

The following, in a different

strain, is beautifully and pathetically concise

Vixi, peccavi, penitui, naturae cessi.

Which may be thus translated—

I lived, transgressed, repented, died

In a church-yard in London, is the following epitaph:

When the bells be merely roung,
And mass devoutly sung,
And the meat merely eaten,
Then sall Robert Trappis his wif's and his chyldren be forgotten.

The following contains a nice metaphysical puzzle:

Body. I, *Mary Pawson*, ly below sleeping,
Soul. I, *Mary Pawson*, sit above weaking,
Both. We hope to meet again with glory clothed,
Then *Mary Pawson* for ever blessed.

The sentiment of the following might be justly applied to many others:

Here lyeth wrapt in clay
The body of William Wray,
I have no more to say.

A curious and quaint puzzle for young latin scholars:

Qu. A. D. T. D. P.
os. nguis. irus. risti. ulcedine. avit.
H. Sa. M. Ch. M. L.

Another very short:

All the nuns in Holywell
Pray for the soul of Sir Thomas Lovell.

A right merry conceit of some wag, who loved to jest even in his coffin:

Hic jacet Thomas Shorthose,
Sine Tomb, sine sheet, sine riches,
Qui vixit sine gown,
Sine cloak, sine shirt, sine breeches.

The following deserve praise, if for nothing else, at least for conforming strictly to the critic's rule —"*esto brevis.*"

On Dr. Caius, a learned physician of Cambridge, and founder of Gunwell and Caius Colleges:

Fui Caius.

On the celebrated critic, Julius Scaliger:

Scaligeri quod reliquum.

On Cardinal Pole, made by himself:

Depositum Poli Cardinalis.

On Mr. Burbridge, the tragedian:

Exit Burbridge.

On Mr. Weymark, a constant walker in St. Paul's:

Defessus sum ambulando.

The two following well deserve a place in this collection:

Here lies William Emerson,
Who lived and died an honest man.

On John Death:

Here lies John Death, the very same
That went away with a cousin of his name.

THE SELECTOR.—No. IV.

Old Newspapers.—Even an old newspaper, in a moment of listnessness, has its charms. It puts one into something like the condition of a prescient being, perusing the journals of the day; we see passions agitating, which are now extinct; reports affirmed which we know to be false; alarms sounded which we were sure had no foundation; and expectation all alive—upon projects which have ended in nothing.

Defect of Musical Composition.—It is a lamentable drawback on musical composition, that the author cannot exhibit his conceptions *directly* to the public; but must trust, for this purpose, to the agency of others. The painter, the architect, the poet, address themselves at once, and without any intervention, to the senses and feelings of mankind:—an inestimable advantage.

The following extract from Les Memoires Historiques, Literaires, et Anecdotiques de Grimm et Diderot, seems to be the basis of the Edinburgh Review:

"We dwell but little on those pamphlets which daily come forth and perish, the offspring of a crowd of petty scribblers, devoid of genius, talent, or taste, and one of the inconveniences necessarily attached to literature. Our thoughts are solely turned on publications worthy of fixing public attention; less for the purpose of making extracts, than in order to dwell on useful and interesting details, and to develope our sentiments and opinions on various subjects. It is with this view alone that an indifferent publication may sometimes occupy our pens. Just and severe criticism is not always unexposed to error, but it is never offensive. In stating the effects produced on the public, we endeavour to advance arguments to justify our own opinions."

When Voltaire was asked which was preferable, the sentimental or the humorous kind of comedy--"All kinds are good," replied he, "except the tiresome."

Who would imagine that the Gamester is a comedy—Yet it is ranked in that class by the writers of the *Correspondence Philosophique et Critique.* Speaking of sentimental comedy they say: "We can conceive a species of comedy still more tragic, to use the expression, than the sentimental; for example, what should prevent the Gambler or the Debauchee to kill himself, at the end of the piece, in one of those paroxysms of despair which are the usual consequences of his excesses. Such a comedy, well conducted, would be more natural than most of our tragedies, and, I am of opinion, its effects would be astonishing."

When Mirabeau was in England, he asked a friend, with whom he was dining, if it were true that twenty young men had been executed that morning at Newgate? Upon being answered, that if it were so stated in the daily papers, there was no reason to doubt the assertion: he replied, with great warmth and surprise, "The English are the most merciless people I ever heard or read of in my life."

A Scotch laird having once sent for a clerk to make his will, after the usual preface, began thus:—"Imprimis, I bequeath my soul to God."--On which, the clerk looking him very seriously in the face, replied "But what if he wonna' take it mon."

Mr. Sheridan when he did, or attempted to do, Romeo, an undertaking which he should have never disgraced himself by, some thirty or forty years ago in Dublin, by an amazing stroke of injudicious monopoly, annexed the whimsical description of Queen Mab to his own sighing love-sick part; and what carries surprise still higher is, that he should do so. when it was extremely difficult to say which shewed most absurdity, his taking the speech, or his pedantic manner of speaking it.

Some gentlemen, a few days ago at a dinner given in a provincial town in Scotland, in honour of the peace, wishing to imitate the custom of having, after every toast, an appropriate tune from the band, got a couple of fiddlers, the only musicians in the town. "*God Save the King, Rule Britannia, &c.* were played—but on the chairman giving "The Emperor of all the *Russias,*" the fiddlers struck up immediately, "*Green grow the* RUSHES *O.*"

1 JY 59

Au Palais de Fontainebleau — le Vingt Sept Septembre mil huit cent Dix

Napoleon -

Le Ministre de la Police générale, Duc de Rovigo

Par l'Empereur : Le Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat Duc de Bassano

AN EXACT COPY OF AN IMPERIAL PASSPORT,

SIGNED BY BONAPARTE WHEN EMPEROR,

And Countersigned by the Dukes of Rovigo and Bassano, with Fac-Similes of all their Hand-writings annexed, copied verbatim from the original now in the possession of Mr. Sheffield Grace, of the University of Oxford.

*** The Roman character marks the printed part of the original passport; the Italic, what is written. The part beneath the dotted line exhibits what is copied, without any variation whatsoever, either as to the form or size of the letters, from the original into the annexed plate.

No. 25.

PASSEPORT IMPERIAL.

IMPERIAL ARMS.
See Plate annexed.

NAPOLEON, Empereur des Francais, Roi d'Italie, Protecteur de la Confederation du Rhin, Mediateur de la Confederation Suisse.

SIGNALEMENT.
Agé de 70 *ans.*
taille d'un metre. 66 *Centimetres*
cheveux *blancs*
sourcils *gris*
nez *aquilin*
bouche *moyenne*
menton *rond*
visage *plein*
teint *coloré*

Signes particuliers.

Signature de porteur
I. Grace.

AVIS ESSENTIEL. Dans les villes ou il existe un Commissaire general de police, le porteur est tenu de se presenter devant lui, pour faire viser son passe-port.

Nous avons autorisé et autorisons Le Sr. *Grace (John) son Epouse, ses deux filles et une domestique nommée Elizabeth Macibroy,* profession d'——— natif d'*Irlande* department d'——— demeurant *a Paris* ——— a se rendre *en Angleterre* ——— et lui permettons, a cet effet, de s'embarquer sur un batiment pourvu de licence, dans le port de Dunquerque.

. . . . . .

Au Palais de *Fontainbleau le vingt sept Septembre mil huit cent dix.*

NAPOLEON.

Le Ministre de la Police general
Le duc de Rovigo.

Par l'Empereur,
Le Ministre Secretaire d'Etat
Le duc de Bassano.

ODE ON SHAKSPEARE.

Retir'd beneath this gloomy shade,
With contemplation, heavenly maid,
Attentive still to fancy's call,
Oh! let me seek her fairy hall;
Or rove with Avon's hard sublime,
Beyond the bounds of place and time,
I view thee! drest in laureled pride,
I hear thee touch the sounding lyre,
While harmony's resistless tide,
Rolls onward in a stream of fire.

Upon the limits of a world unknown,
See! the mighty master stand;
Slowly he waves the magic wand,
And myriads crowd around his airy throne.
With martial front and beaming eye,
A sable warrior passes by;
Defiance low'rs upon his brow,
His eye-balls roll in dark despair;
But mark! a passion of a gentler glow,
Unbounded love is there.
Awful he stood, with pride elate,
The pillar of a falling state;
Glory arose at his command,
And yielding realms obey'd his hand.
Those honours now, alas! are vain,
A wild delirium whirls the brain,
While tottering o'er his murder'd consort's tomb,
He sees the will of Fate—and meets his dreadful doom.

Darkness hovers o'er the heath,
Where in symbolic weeds array'd,
The gloomy sisters ply their dreadful trade,
And weave the horrid web of death.
Hark! the murderer's fearful tread,
Alarms the mansions of the dead,
The cries of terror and affright,
Rend the silent veil of night.
The deed is done—the point is won,
Oh King! thy life and throne are gone,
Yet vengeance, o'er the tyrant's head,
Lifts the exterminating blade.
Ah! northern lord, thy country's woes,
To warm thy generous feelings came,
And next thy children's blood arose,
And rous'd at once the lingering flame.
To thee—to thee—the righteous task is given,
To end a nation's wrongs—and do the will of heaven.
Strike again the vocal string,
And tell the wrongs a loving parent bore,
Oh! say what pain, what anguish tore
The bosom of an injur'd king.

With mournful eye, and hoary hair,
He shrinks beneath the wintry air;
Wildly he wanders o'er the plain,
And calls each child—but calls in vain.
And see upon the rocky shore,
An awful wanderer lifts his head,
Rous'd by his voice, urg'd by his power,
What airy forms along the vallies spread.
The varying hours in pleasure they employ,
And all is peace divine, and innocence and joy.

Next, in mournful array,
With drooping heart, and clouded brow,
Brooding in secret o'er each private woe,
The Prince of Elsineur pursues his way.
Oh! mark that stern and ashy form,
Engendered in the midnight storm;
Ah! dost thou see that spectre pale,
That rising from the shades beneath,
In sorrow pours a plaintive tale,
And urges the usurper's death.
Succeeding slowly in the rear,
Britannia's daring race appear;
In solemn majesty they pass along:
And, nearer yet, a sportive throng,
Wide o'er the fields in circling mazes play;
Closer and closer they advance,
A nymph of merry mein directs the dance,
And in each eddying turn guides their way.
But trace the features of yon varied train,—
Nay, drop the faltering harp, the daring task is vain.

Oh! sacred delegate of heaven,
To thee the nameless power is given,
Delight or terror to impart,
To sway at will the human heart,
To bid each changing passion roll,
To soothe or agitate the soul,
To teach the breast with joy to glow;
Or melt in sympathetic woe.
Some secret tie, some secret spell,
Still hovers o'er thy vocal shell;
With thee we mourn the mighty dead;
With thee, in pleasing bondage led,
Pausing, we feel each leading charm,
Gay hope, suspence, and fond alarm—
But, all, alas! are fled.

T. V

BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

FROM HOMER, HYMN V.

Translated by Leigh Hunt, Esq.

Of Bacchus let me tell a sparkling story.
'Twas by the sea-side, on a promontory,
As like a blooming youth he sat one day,
His dark locks ripening in the sunny ray,
And wrapt in a loose cloak of crimson bright,
Which half gave out his shoulders, broad and white;
That making up, a ship appeared at sea,
Brushing the wine-black billows merrily,—
A Tuscan trim, and pirates were the crew;
A fatal impulse drove them as they flew;
For, looking hard, and nodding to each other,
Concluding him, at least, some prince's brother,
They issued forth, along the breezy bay,
Seiz'd him with jovial hearts, and bore away.—
No sooner were they off, than gathering round him,
They mark'd his lovely strength, and would have bound him,
When lo, instead of this, the pondrous bands
Snapp'd of themselves, from off his legs and hands,
He, all the while, discovering no surprise,
But keeping, as before, his calm black eyes.
At this, the master, struck beyond the rest,
Drew them aside, and earnestly address'd;—
'Oh, wretched as ye are, have ye no brains,
'And see this being ye would hold with chains?
'Trust me, the ship will not sustain him long;
'For either Jove he is, terribly strong,
'Or Neptune, or the silver shafted King,
'But nothing, sure, resembling mortal thing.
'Land then, and set him free, lest by and by
'He call the winds about him, and we die.'
He said; and thus, in bitterness of heart
The Captain answer'd—'Wretched that thou art!
'Truly we've much to fear—a favoring gale,
'And all things firm behind the running sail!
'Stick to thy post, and leave these things to me—
'I trust, my friends, before we sail again,
'To touch at Egypt, Cyprus, or the north,
'And having learn'd, mean time, our prisoner's worth,
'What friends he has, and wealth to what amount,
'To turn this God-send to a right account.'
He said; and hauling up the sail and mast,
Drew the tight vessel stiff before the blast;
The sailors, under arms, observe their prize,
When lo! strange doings interrupt their eyes;
For first a fountain of sweet smelling wine
Came gushing o'er the deck with sprightly shine;
And odours, not of earth, their senses took;
Then pallid wonder spread from look to look:
And then a vine-tree overran the sail,
It's green arms tossing to the pranksome gale;
And then an ivy, with a flowering shoot,
Ran up the mast in rings, and kiss'd the fruit
Which here and there the dipping vine let down:
On every oar there was a garland crown.
But now the crew call'd out, 'To shore! To shore!'
When leaping backward with an angry roar,
The dreadful stranger to a lion turn'd,
His glaring eyes beneath the hatches burn'd;
Then, rushing forward, he became a bear,
With fearful change bewildering their despair;
And then again a lion, ramping high
From seat to seat, and looking horribly.
Heap'd at the stern, and scrambling all along,
The trembling wretches round the master throng,
Who calmly stood, for he had done no wrong.
Oh! at that minute, to be safe on land!
But now, in his own shape, the God's at hand,
And spurning first the captain from the side,
The rest leap'd after in the surging tide.

For one and all, as they had done the same,
The same deserv'd; and dolphins they became.
The God then turning to the master, broke
In happy-making smiles, and stoutly spoke:
'Be of good courage, blest companion mine;
'Bacchus I am, the roaring God of wine:
'And well shall this day be for thee and thine.'
And so, all reverence and joy to thee,
Son of the sparkle-smiling Semele!
Must never bard forget thee in his song,
Who mak'st it flow so sweetly and so strong.

PART OF A CHORUS

IN SENECA'S TRAGEDY OF THYESTES,

Translated by Leigh Hunt, Esq.

'Tis not wealth that makes a king,
Nor the purple's colouring,
Nor a brow that's bound with gold,
Nor gates on mighty hinges roll'd.

The king is he, who, void of fear,
Looks abroad with bosom clear;
Who can tread ambition down,
Nor be away'd by smile or frown;
Nor for all the treasure cares
That mine conceals, or harvest wears,
Or that golden sands deliver,
Bosom'd in a glossy river.

What shall move his placid sight?
Not the headlong thunder-light,
Nor the storm that rushes out
To snatch the shivering waves about;
Nor all the shapes of slaughter's trade,
With forward lance or fiery blade.
Safe, with wisdom for his crown,
He looks on all things calmly down;
He welcomes fate, when fate is near,
Nor taints his dying breath with fear.

Grant that all the kings assemble
At whose tread the Scythians tremble;
Grant that in the train be they
Whom the Red Sea shores obey,
Where the gems and crystal caves
Sparkle up through purple waves;
Bring with these the Caspian stout,
Who scorns to shut the invader out,
And the daring race that tread
The rocking of the Danube's bed;
With those again, where'er they be,
Who, lapp'd in silken luxury,
Feed, to the full, their lordly will—
The noble mind is monarch still.

No need has he of vulgar force,
Armour, arms, or chested horse;
Nor all the idle darts that light
From Parthian in his feigned flight;
Nor whirling rocks from engines thrown,
That come to shake old cities down.

No.—To fear not earthly thing,
This it is that makes the king;
And all of us, whoe'er we be,
May carve us out this royalty.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. KEAN,

On his Performance of some of the Characters of Shakspeare.

Long time, unwept within his gorgeous fane,
Immortal Shakspeare had forgotten lain;
While genius, guardian of his altar's fire,
Saw in dismay the sacred flame expire—
Saw coarse buffoon'ry rush upon the stage,
To taint the drama and corrupt the age.
Saw sense retire, bright wit her reign give o'er,
That steeds might prance, that elephants might roar,
Cold Art then strove to mimic Nature's part,
And loudly rav'd—but never reach'd the heart.
How few to whom th' ethereal light is given
To touch the chords of passion strung by Heav'n;
To wake each slumb'ring feeling of the breast—
Bid it to madness swell, or sink to rest!—
'Tis thine, oh genius! with thy wond'rous skill,
To mould man's heart submissive to thy will.
Light of the soul! we yet behold thy rays
On Drury's boards concent'ring in *one blaze*,
Nature and Shakspeare hand in hand are seen
To live again—wak'd by the voice of Kean.

LIFE.

AN EPIGRAM.

To childhood youth, manhood to youth seems old;
Less so to manhood age's icy cold:—
Youth grows through manhood into tott'ring age;
Which grows—till *Death* destroys the alter'd page.

The Drama.

DRAMATIC STRICTURES.

Our limits obliged us to break off this department of our last Number at a very interesting point, the benefit of a stranger, who was invited to perform for a limited number of nights, for which that benefit was to constitute a principal part of his remuneration. It will hardly be credited, except by those unacquainted with the Dublin stage, that Mr. Payne, who appeared to so much advantage in every part for which he felt himself qualified, was under the necessity of choosing for his benefit a character which he disliked, and which did not suit his style of acting, because no other tragedy in which he could take a part could be got up in the company, except the five or six in which he had already appeared. Mahomet was first proposed by him, and, strange to tell, it was refused. He then applied for Douglas, where he could have displayed his talents to the best advantage; when, stranger still, no Lady Randolph could be had. The consequence was, as has been just mentioned, his appearance in a part which held out no inducement to the audience beyond the general wish of encouraging youthful and foreign talent. One reason for this difficulty of selecting a piece is the short space now allowed for the performers to choose their benefits. A week only is allowed for this purpose, in which time a play must be chosen (no easy matter in the present state of the Dublin Company), and all the previous complicated arrangements of issuing tickets, soliciting friends, publishing in the papers, circulating handbills, and a number of minor considerations, in addition to the study of a part in which the performer is anxious to appear to the best advantage, must be made.

The performance, it need scarcely be said, was nearly a burlesque on the tragedy itself. Mr. Payne indeed exerted himself to the utmost, and made some happy points, particularly in his quarrel with Clitus and the dying scene. Fullam was very good in the cynical Clytus, and Miss O'Neil acted and looked Statira. But with the exception of Alexander himself, not one of the characters were dressed in Grecian costume. The females were particularly defective. Statira appeared in white satin, made up according to the last Number of Ackerman; Roxana, in coloured spangled muslin; and Sysigambis in a suit of black velvet and crape. We were not aware, from our knowledge of ancient authors, that crape was the court mourning in Persia.

As it appears to be the established custom to supply the want of a respectable company by what is technically called a star, the vacancy caused by Mr. Payne's departure has been supplied by two singers of the name of Short. They are last from Scotland. The eldest is a valuable acquisition, and is much and deservedly admired. They are the only novelties this month has produced. Most part of the evenings have been devoted to benefits; and here, we are happy to observe, that the public express in the strongest manner their conviction of the quarter to which blame is to be attached. For while the stock plays are little noticed,

the benefits have been, generally speaking, productive. This is not only an act of kindness, but of justice. If the salaries offered are not such as to induce first rate actors to accept them, their places must be filled with those of an inferior rank; and if the numbers are not sufficient to furnish a variety for every line of character, many must inevitably be thrust into parts for which they are wholly unqualified; thus rendering their mediocrity still more striking. To the managers, therefore, and to them alone, is to be imputed the deplorable deficiency of talent which prevails at present. To them also is to be imputed the perverse direction of that talent which prevents it from being exhibited in its proper light.

The state of the scenery also requires much melioration. Originally good, time and usage has overspread it with strong marks of their power. Why the artist's hand has not been employed to repair their ravages is yet unknown; certainly the substitution of murky lamps throughout the theatre, even in those parts which, in the time of Mr. Jones's predecessor, used to beam with the brilliancy of wax lights, gives double reason for his exertions. The volumes of smoke continually steaming forth from every quarter, have involved the scenery in such a shade, as to render the tints at some distance almost undistinguishable.

DRAMATIC REGISTER.

May 24. *The Cabinet—Love laughs at Locksmiths.*

This play introduced the two Mr. Shorts, whose vocal powers, particularly those of the elder, are such as must ensure him a most favorable reception here.

25. *Templar's Tricks—My Grand mother.*

26. The theatre was not opened this evening, in consequence of the Lady Mayoress's fancy ball.

27. *The Will—Tekeli.*

This night a young lady made her first appearance in Albina. She was favourably received, as ever is the case, when a youthful female makes her first appeal to a Dublin audience. The play has since been repeated; and as this young lady's place has been supplied by another performer, it is now unnecessary to dwell farther on her merits.

28. *Cabinet—Love laughs at Locksmiths.*

31. *She Stoops to Conquer—Tale of Mystery.*

June 1. *Cure for the Heart Ache—Midas.*

For the benefit of Mr. Williams.

2. *Lionel and Clarissa—Barnaby Brittle.*

For the benefit of Mr. Fullam.

3. *Fontainbleau—The Romp.*

4. *The Will—Of Age To-morrow.* Being the King's Birth-night, the boxes, conformably to long established custom, were free for the LADIES.

6. *Wild Oats—Sprigs of Laurel.*

For the benefit of Mr. Johnson.

7. *Bold Stroke for a Wife—Dead Alive.*

For the benefit of the Messrs. Farren. It would be injustice to let this opportunity pass, without expressing the pleasure we have often enjoyed in beholding these brothers. In their several line, when allowed to appear in it, they are much above mediocrity. We have only to except against the elder, for throwing in at times somewhat too much of farce in his representation of a few of the eccentric characters he fills.

8. *Isabella—Inkle and Yarico.*

For the benefit of Miss O'Neil. The public sentiment towards this young favourite of both the Scenic Deities was expressed by the fullest house ever known. It is said that the receipts amounted nearly to 550l. It is rumoured, and we fear truly, that we shall soon be deprived of the opportunity of expressing our satisfaction at the expanding merits of this young actress. London, the great monopolist of excellence, is soon, it is said, to deprive us of the favoured plant that has grown up to such an early maturity. Few young performers have appeared with such a combination of qualifications suited for the stage. Graceful in person, lovely in countenance, animated in comedy, affecting in tragedy, she commands every inlet to the heart, and affords a sanguine expectation of rising to the summit of the profession she even now adorns.

9. *Education—Spoiled Child.*

For the benefit of Miss Rock.—This infant performer has been, and still is a favourite, and deservedly so; even at her early age she displays scintillations of genius, corrected by judgment, that induce the fairest expectations. Why then was her benefit neglected? This question may excite some reflections in Mr. Rock, that may lead to conclusions equally beneficial to himself and to the public.

10. *The Will.—Lock and Key.*

The part of Albina was this night played by Mrs. Fulton.

11. *Love in a Village—Ella Rosenberg.*

13. *All in the Wrong.—Bon Ton.*

For the benefit of Miss Walstein.

14. *Soldier's Daughter—Paul and Virginia.*

For the benefit of Mr. M'Nally, the boxkeeper.—Mr. M'Keon, a gentleman whose musical talents have already been noticed by us, appeared to-night in Paul, and was received with much approbation.

15. *John Bull—Three Weeks after Marriage*

For the benefit of Mr. Younger.

16. *Merry Wives of Windsor—Animal Magnetism.*

For the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. C. Connor.

17. *Cure for the Heart Ache—Paul and Virginia.*

For the benefit of Mr. Nichols.—Mr. Nichols certainly overrates his talents, when he supposes himself a first-rate singer, as must be the case in order to do justice to the character he selected.

18. *Isabella—Midas.*

20. *Honey Moon—Oscar and Malvina.*

For the benefit of Miss Norton.

21. *Exile—Tekeli.*

For the benefit of Mr. Sloman.

22. *School for Wives—Obi.*

For the benefit of Mr. M'Cullogh, the prompter.—This evening's entertainment introduced Mrs. M'Cullogh, a lady highly qualified for elderly female characters. She belongs at present to the Belfast company, and has always been a favourite with the audience.

23. *Rivals—Inkle and Yarico.*

For the benefit of Messrs. Shaw and Neville.—Mr. Neville, you cannot play Sir Lucius; and if you could, you cannot look him.

In the present deficiency of public amusement, arising from the lamentable mediocrity of the stage, and the total want of any other place of resort calculated to supply its place, we have only to anticipate the feast of intellect about to be provided for us by Kean. The managers, we trust, will procure such a supply of talent as not to leave his abilities wholly unsupported.

Monthly Register.

RETROSPECT OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE,

Monthly Museum Office, 29th June, 1814.

The long expected treaty of peace, which it is hoped will put a final termination to the convulsions of Europe, has, at length, been formally announced. It was ultimately signed at Paris on the 30th of May, and its terms are such as strongly indicate a desire in all parties to rest the future quiet of Europe on such a basis of equity, as may secure the world from a repetition of the horrors from which it has so unexpectedly emerged. The wish of the allied powers appears to be to restore the continent, both with respect to the external relations of the several great powers and their internal governments, as nearly as possible, to the state in which they were before the French revolution, doubtless in the hope that this extraordinary event may be considered as one of those anomalies in the history of society, to be regarded as an exception, not as a precedent.—The particulars will be seen by referring to the document annexed. On perusing it, it will be observed that it contains no stipulation for any commercial treaty with France, nor is it as yet ascertained whether any arrangements for that desirable purpose are likely to be settled.

Some dissatisfaction has been expressed at the omission of any stipulations having been introduced in order to enforce the abolition of the slave trade. The plea made by the English negociator was his unwillingness to interfere with what he considered a part of the internal regulations of France. It would have been more congenial to the spirit of liberty in which the world was taught to believe that the treaty had been drawn up, and, in particular, more worthy of the spirit of Englishmen, to have asserted the cause of the Africans as the cause of mankind, and that of humanity.

The new constitution of France was published by the king with great solemnity on the fourth of June, and only tends to prove, that kings as well as republics can fabricate such instruments on the spur of the moment, to delude a nation into an appearance of liberty, which is in fact but a bond for the exclusive benefit of the framers. The King of France, on declining to ratify the document which placed him on the throne, promised to give the people a constitution more fitted to their wants and character. He has indeed contrived "to keep the word of promise to the ear, but breaks it to the hope." A long list of civil rights and privileges granted to the nation, are more than counterbalanced by a single paragraph —"The king proposes the law"—This one article paralyzes all the rest, and places the king, with respect to the people, in all the plenitude of despotism, which the most arbitrary of the French rulers, under any form of government, regal, democratical, or imperial, ever possessed, enlarged and strengthened by the abolition of the feudal privileges, by which the nobility formerly restrained that power.

On turning our eyes to Spain, we are presented with a prospect still more astonishing; we behold a king, who had basely skulked beneath the oppressor of his country, and had surrendered himself a willing captive—when liberated and restored by the efforts of the people whom he had deserted, betrayed, and sold, making the first use of his newly acquired authority to destroy the very men whose unexpected and persevering exertions not only first afforded hope to Europe of making a successful stand against the power of the French Emperor, but put in to the hand of this king the sword which he now draws for their extermination. Ferdinand the 7th, in whose cause so much blood has been spilt, on being recalled by the Cortes, after publishing a declaration, drawn up as if to try how far the glitter of royalty could suppress the feelings of liberty, or even common humanity, entered into his capital as if into a conquered city, attended by a band of those who had been most ready to crouch beneath the feet of the usurper by whom he had been imprisoned and his kingdom enslaved, dispersed the Cortes, imprisoned the most active of its members, and restored the Inquisition. What must be the feelings of those Englishmen whose children fell in Spain!—

While these extraordinary revolutions

are taking place abroad, we behold at home a singular mixture of joy and irritation. The allied princes, by whose exertions Europe has been restored to its ancient forms of government, have repaired to London, to obtain some insight into the manners of a nation which has maintained so prominent a part in the late convulsions of the world. They were received with all the cordiality capable of being testified by a nation who imputed to their exertions its restoration from impending ruin to renovated greatness. The British ministry came in, how justly this is not the place to inquire, for at least a full share of popularity. All was gratitude in the people and triumph in the rulers, with but one exception. The advisers of the Prince of Wales have chosen this time to add one more to the many insults that have been heaped on an unoffending stranger; have prevailed upon him to forbid his wife's appearing at the queen's drawing-room, during the festivities consequent on the Imperial and Royal visitors' residence in London. The result has, however, been directly contrary to their expectations, and has given the strangers an opportunity of viewing the British character in a new and most estimable light, in beholding the steady spirit of freedom exerted with equal vigour in defence of the wrongs of an unprotected woman, as on those of an oppressed continent. Among the lower classes the popular indignation vented itself in the language of abuse and execration against the ostensible cause of the Princess's ill treatment: wherever the Prince Regent appeared he was followed with hootings and hisses. The same feeling was testified among the higher ranks, by increased marks of respect to the object of persecution: when the Princess appeared at the Opera she was hailed with an extemporaneous and universal greeting. The House of Commons at length took cognizance of the affair, and although the pliant Lord Castlereagh has endeavoured to parry the attack, it is to be hoped that the cause of truth and humanity will be finally triumphant. It is not without feelings of self-debasement we are forced to acknowledge that a subject so warmly discussed in England, is scarcely noticed here: scarcely one of the public prints dwell upon a subject to which we would have hoped the national feelings would have been most peculiarly sensitive.

Little is to be noticed with respect to Ireland, except a riot at Shercock, which terminated in the death of ten or twelve of the peasantry, besides between forty and fifty wounded. The outrage will soon be investigated in a Court of Justice; 'till then silence is our duty. No farther notice therefore can be taken of it now, except by observing, that whatever may have been the immediate cause of tumult, it must be ultimately referred to that system of discord, falsely called religious, which has been so long the bane of Ireland, and which has latterly been sedulously fomented by a party now highest in favour.

Of Norway nothing decisive is yet known.

In America, the native army is on the retreat, the British advancing. Hull, the American general, has been sentenced to death by a Court Martial; but if that government wishes for ultimate success in its military operations, other means must be resorted to. Their army, according to every account, is in the lowest state of subordination and discipline, and therefore but little calculated to offer effectual resistance to British troops seasoned by twenty years of alternate defeat and victory.

[The French Constitution, and the Articles of the Treaty of Peace between England and France, are unavoidably postponed till next month—They are documents of reference, which do not lose their interest by delay.]

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

FOREIGN.

Government have determined on sending out a great part of the army now in France to America, under the command of General, now Lord Hill, as follows:

" Lieutenant-Gen. Lord Hill, Commander in Chief.

" Major-Gens. Sir H. Clinton and Kemp, to have divisions.

" Ross, Robinson, Bradford, Power, and Byng, to have brigades.

" The following are the Regiments:

" 14th Light Dragoons.

" 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 9th, 27th, 29th, 37th, 39th, 40th, 44th, 57th, 58th, 60th, 76th, 81st, 83d, 85th, and 88th Regi- of Foot.

" Six Companies of Artillery.

"The Rocket Brigade, and a respectable Commissariat.

"N. B. The 6th and 88th have already sailed to reinforce Sir George Prevost. The others are on their way to Bourdeaux, where they will embark for the United States—New York it is supposed.

A Proclamation, issued by M. Rivarola, Apostolic Delegate at Rome, prohibits the nuns and friars from re-assembling in their convents, or re-assuming the habits of their orders, till the Pope shall have decided on these matters. Hence, it is inferred, that these religious orders will be abolished or reformed.

The Duke of Leinster was waited on at Paris by Marshal Blucher, who left his card—"Marshal Blucher in person." This distinguished honor was paid by the veteran to his Grace, not only in respect to himself, but as being of a country which gave birth to the immortal Wellington. It should be observed that General Blucher's usual mode of visiting is by his Aide-de-Camp.

DEATH.—Paris, May 30.—The mother of Prince Eugene (the Ex-Empress Josephine) died yesterday at noon, in her castle at Malmaison, in consequence of a disorder which first appeared in the form of a catarrhal fever, and which afterwards assumed such a character of malignity, as to cause the death of the patient in the course of three days. She received, with as much piety as resignation, all the succours of religion. She enjoyed the melancholy consolation of expiring in the arms of her son and daughter, from whom she had been so long separated. Some hours previous to her death, she amused herself by considering the regrets of the numerous families whom she had had the happiness to relieve, and it appears that these thoughts contributed greatly to the abatement of her pain.

BRITISH.

ROYAL VISITORS.

The arrival in London of their majesties the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, took place on Tuesday the 7th of June; but in a way rather to disappoint the feelings of the public, which had been excited to a most extraordinary degree. The expectant multitude had been quite impatient, when intelligence arrived that their majesties had gone up to town two hours before in a private manner. The unexpected news, however, was soon found to be true; the Emperor had entered London about half-past two. When he arrived at the Pulteney hotel, he passed through the lower apartments without being recognised. He ascended the first flight of stairs, when the Prince Gagarin announced his arrival. At the same instant his sister, the grand duchess, met him on the stairs. They saluted each other in the most affectionate manner. The tidings of the Emperor's arrival resounded not only throughout the house, but in the street, where an immense concourse of people expressed their joy, by hurras, and "Long live the Emperor," &c. &c. His imperial majesty appeared shortly afterwards at the balcony, and bowed in the most condescending manner, which he continued to do occasionally, till eleven o'clock, the people shouting their applause. He was received in a very private manner by the Prince Regent, who gave his majesty a most hearty welcome.

The King of Prussia and his sons came also in a very private manner, and arrived about three o'clock. A few minutes before four, his majesty, attended by an aid-de-camp, went to Carlton-house. The Prince Regent received him in the same manner as the Emperor of Russia. He remained with the Prince about half an hour.

At a quarter before nine o'clock the Crown Prince Royal of Prussia and suite arrived at Clarence-house. Some of the royal family of Russia were then at dinner.

At six o'clock Marshal Blucher arrived in St James's-park by the Horse-guards, in the Prince Regent's open carriage, escorted by a party of light horse.

In the British capital are now assembled—

The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Prince Regent of England, the Queen of England, the Princes and the Princesses of the Blood Royal, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Sons of the K. of Prussia, the Prince of Orange, the Prince of Mecklenburgh, the Prince of Bavaria, the Prince of Wirtemberg, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, the the Prince of Oldenburgh, Marshal Blucher, the Hetman Platoff, Gen. Barclay de Tolli, Generals Bulow and Yorck, Prince Metternich, &c. &c.

The two Monarchs, but more particularly the Emperor, seemed anxious to derive every information the shortness of their stay admitted. They rise early, and were generally out before 7 o'clock.

The concourse assembled to see them was beyond description, almost beyond calculation. All ranks descended to a level; the high and low, male and female, all the population of the most crowded metropolis in the world seemed absorbed by one common impulse. Next to the royal visitors Blucher enjoys the greatest share of popularity, particularly among the Ladies. It is said, that among a multitude who flocked round his coach, were several ladies, who solicited a lock of his hair: on which the veteran, taking off his hat, and shewing his head, almost bald with age and service, observed, that if he were to give each but a hair, he should not have one left.

The strangers have not only visited every place of public amusement, but all those public institutions that are the sources and testimonials of British greatness. They also paid a visit to Oxford, where the Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on each. They had previously been adorned with the insignia of the Garter.

On their departure they have left behind them a character very unusual in the present race of western Princes—rulers who, though invested with unlimited authority, are conscious they are men, and seek to improve their natural talents, in order to render the happiness of their people the result of their power.

Deaths.—On the 24th of May, in consequence of a violent fall on the back of his head, in attempting to get out of his gig, with which the horse had run away, Joseph Etridge, Esq. formerly Captain in the 1st Royal Dragoons. He has left a widow and seven children to lament his untimely death.

On the 25th of May, at Bath, in the prime of life, of a nervous fever, Emanuel Bailey, Esq. formerly of Listoke, near Drogheda.

On the 24th ult. at Chester, Captain W. Watts, Royal Navy, aged 77 years.

IRISH.

LEINSTER.

The bidding for the Loan of this year, of Three Millions Sterling, took place at the Treasury Chambers, when Messrs. Gibbons and Williams, being the only bidders, were declared the Contractors, upon the following terms, viz.—90l. 3½ per cent. Stock, and 30l. 15s. 4d. per cent. Stock, with interest from Christmas last, for each 100l. sterling. These terms are considered to be highly advantageous to the public, as the interest to be paid thereon, will be but at the rate of 4l. 7s. 7d. per cent. per annum, for money.

Head Police Office, Dublin.—Wednesday, June 8, Rebecca Collins was brought up in custody, on a charge of wilfully firing a pistol at John Hacket, with intent to kill and murder him.

The circumstances, as appeared upon the examination, before the magistrates, of two witnesses, were, that on Wednesday evening last, about ten o'clock, Miss Rebecca Collins was buying some cockles at her hall-door, in Gordon-lane, Porto-Bello, when a man was going by, who made use of some of the most indecent expressions that could assail female ears. This so irritated her, that she rushed into the street, and struck him with violence; but, he still persevering, she desired a little boy to hand her a pistol which was on the table: she then fired in the face of Mr. John Hacket: the loading of the pistol carried away part of the mouth, teeth, &c. and blinded one of his eyes.—He was conveyed to the hospital, where he now lies in a most dangerous situation.

She was committed to Kilmainham, to abide her trial at the next commission.

A meeting took place, lately, near the new barracks, Birr, between a Mr. A——r, and Lieut. E——s, of the Wicklow regiment, which had nearly proved fatal to the former gentleman; the parties fired *four* shots each, without effect, and by an error at the *fifth*, Mr. A——r's pistol was not cocked when handed to him; in consequence he lost his fire, Lieut. E——'s taking effect on his opponent's hip-bone, but not with sufficient strength to break it—the ball fell at Mr. A——r's foot, who called to Lieut. E——s to stand, but that gentleman did not conceive himself obliged to suffer Mr. A——r to fire at him under such circumstances. Mr. A——r was then conveyed to a carriage in waiting, and, we hear, is in a fair way of recovery.

The mercantile interest has been much agitated by several very extensive failures, which have occurred during the latter part of the present month. The following are the names of the most important:

Messrs. Croker & Darling; Hickman, Kearney, & Co. S. Hartney & Co. C. Pentland, jun. & Co. T. & J. English & Co.

The following banking-houses have also stopped payment:

French & Co.—Morris & Malone.

MUNSTER.

BIRTHS.—At Clonyn, the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Westmeath, Lady Emily Delvin, of a daughter.

On Monday last, at the Glebe-house, Kildimo, county Limerick, the lady of the Rev. Samuel Jones, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.—Henry Loftus Reade, Esq. of Rathbeg, county Tipperary, and Captain in the Wexford Militia, to Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. I. J. Cooper, of Yarmouth, and niece of Astley Cooper, Esq. of London.

At Dunville, county Cork, John Nunan, Esq. to Eliza, only daughter of the late James Dunworth, Esq. M. D. of Cork.

At Glanmire Church, Thomas Harrison, Esq. of Lota, to Miss Arabella Cramitch.

In Cork, Joseph M'Mullen, Esq. of that city, to Catherine, daughter of the late George Reade, Esq.

DEATHS.—In the 17th year of her age, Catherine, second daughter of Peter Smithwick, Esq. of Cottage, county Limerick.

ULSTER.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—Two female children, of the ages of six and nine years, belonging to Mr. Edgar, of Maghera, having wandered out in pursuit of some ducks, unfortunately fell into a pool of water attached to the river, and were both drowned. Notwithstanding every search was made during the night, their bodies were not found till the following morning; they were locked in each other's arms.

MARRIED.—Wm. Augustus Hatch, Esq. of Windsor, to Lucy, third daughter of James Holmes, Esq.

DEATH.—In the 84th year of her age, Mrs. M'Cracken, relict of the late Capt. M'Cracken, of Belfast; and her son, Mr. Wm. M'Cracken, aged 48 years.

CONNAUGHT.

A great alarm was excited in the Co. of Mayo, by a report of a vessel from Smyrna being off the coast, the crew of which was infected with the plague.—The high sheriff adopted every precautionary measure to prevent the contagion from spreading by the landing of the crew, but it has been since ascertained that there were no solid grounds of apprehension.

MARRIAGE.—John Griffin, Esq. of Brooklawn, county Galway, to Miss Bourke, of Castle Bourke, in the said county.

DEATH.—At Cranagh, after a short illness, Thos. Phelan, Esq. aged 92 years.

MEDICAL REPORT.

DUBLIN GENERAL DISPENSARY.

Medical Report, from the 25th of April, to the 24th of June, 1814, inclusive.

During the above period, 269 patients were recommended as fit objects for Dispensary Relief.

The diseases under which they laboured were principally acute, and it was observed that in the greater number there existed a considerable tendency to assume a certain character, corresponding in a great degree with the condition of the weather. The wind, during the month of May, was easterly and cold, while the direct rays of the sun were at the same time exceedingly powerful, producing sudden and frequent variations of temperature. Hence, in this month, catarrhal and pulmonary complaints were extremely prevalent. Fevers also spread with rapidity, and in several instances passed from the continued to the intermittent form, even where there was no probability whatever of their having been influenced by the application of marsh miasmata. These cases, when the intermission became sufficiently distinct, were treated by an opiate, given a short time previous to the accession of the paroxysm, and this plan merely was uniformly attended with success.

In typhus fevers, during the months of April and May, the lungs seemed to be the organ principally engaged, and it was often necessary to have recourse to general blood-letting, in order to subdue the pulmonary affection; but as the season advanced, the violence of the disease was observed to be transferred from the lungs to the head. The patient was usually restless, often delirious, his face was flushed, and his eyes inflamed. The pain of the head was most distressing, and the pulsation of the arteries of the temples remarkably strong and full. In such cases, the disease constantly ended in typhus of the very worst kind, whenever it had been suffered to proceed to a certain length before proper assistance was procured; but in its less advanced period, the detraction of blood from the

temporal artery was found to afford extraordinary relief, and contribute more than any other remedy towards conducting it to a favourable termination.

RICHARD GRATTAN, M. D.

French-street, 24th June, 1814.

☞ We avail ourselves of this opportunity at once to express our obligations to Dr. Grattan for this report, and to recommend strongly to the patronage of the Public, *the Dublin General Dispensary, Temple-bar*, as a useful and well conducted charity.

COMMERCIAL REPORT, FOR JUNE, 1814.

The last month has exhibited one unvaried scene of dulness and inactivity, in almost every department of commercial life. The demand either for consumption or speculation, in nearly every species of foreign produce, has been nominal, and even the markets for the sale of our native productions, have felt the effects of the late sudden and mighty changes. The unexpected cessation of hostilities, and the return of peace, have also produced a temporary convulsion, and some severe casualties and failures have been the consequence. These, however we must be compelled to deplore them as national as well as individual misfortunes, can only be considered as the natural results of the great and sudden vicissitudes in the political world. There is, therefore, every reason to hope, that they will not extend very widely, but that the return of peace, by inducing a more steady, rational, and settled order of things, than we have for some years been accustomed to, will naturally re-establish that degree of confidence among mercantile men, which is so indispensable to the reanimation and revival of every species of honourable enterprise. When a sufficient time has elapsed to allow of the renewal of former correspondence and the establishment of new, and an opportunity has been afforded of discovering how far confidence may be mutually imparted, then shall we see that system of fraud and stealth, and we might almost say piracy, to which the merchant has been compelled to resort, rejected with the disdain and abhorrence which it merits. We shall then see, what is infinitely more congenial with the true character of a merchant, the revival of a spirit of honourable emulation and enterprize, (very far superior to petty fraud and mean peculation) which contributes so largely to the benefit and happiness of all mankind, which enriches nations as well as individuals, and which dispenses its salutary influence to all ranks and orders of society. We shall then see among the poorer classes, that spirit of turbulence and insubordination, which is engendered by idleness and dissipation, replaced by a state of happiness and comfort, the natural result of industry and employment.

Our communication with the continent of Europe has hitherto been very limited, with the exception of Holland, from whence there have been considerable importations hither as well as England, and madders, as well as every kind of Dutch produce, have become cheap and abundant. One vessel has arrived from Bourdeaux, with a mixed cargo, but one cargo was, of course, not sufficient to make any impression.

American produce still continues without demand, even for the small quantity that may be in the market. Admiral Cochrane's proclamation produced a little more steadiness in the holders here as well as in England, but the variety of rumours that are in constant circulation respecting America, of course contributes to make the trade precarious and unsafe.

The arrival of a large West-India convoy, of 230 sail, has infused a small degree of activity into that branch of trade, among those who are speculating for the continental markets, but it has had the natural effect of depressing the price of colonial produce for home consumption.

The rejection of the corn bill appears to have defeated all hopes of an advance in grain; the markets, therefore, continue in a very dull and languid state, and so little prospect does there appear of any amendment, that holders are content to sell their produce at very reduced prices.

The provision trade is, of course, on the decline, owing to the stoppage of the demand for the navy. The price of meat, must, therefore, eventually fall very much, notwithstanding the efforts continually making, for obvious reasons, to keep up the price in the Dublin markets.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The Corn regulations, as suggested by Sir H. Parnell, have been rejected by the House of Commons, whose table was loaded with petitions against their enactment, from the majority of the manufacturing towns in England, while there did not appear one in their favour from the agricultural interest of Ireland—this apathy has been shewn on other important occasions, and must, if persevered in, materially damp the efforts of those who wish well to the prosperity of the country—not that we conceive the disappointment of the hopes of the favourers of a non-importation arrangement at all ultimately or fatally prejudicial to Irish husbandry. The low prices will operate to a restricted sowing of bread corn, which will soon bring it up to a fair value, and the lands under wheat, oats, &c. will be thrown into pasture, or devoted to the raising of green food, under the improved management. Those landholders who let their lands at exorbitant rates, will of course enter into composition with their tenants, and every thing connected with the concerns of agriculture, will speedily find its proper level. There is no reasonable cause, therefore, for alarm or despondency. Peace will open to us new sources of gain, and a wider scope for industry and ingenuity. We trust no domestic commotions will disturb this fair prospect of prosperity. Many reports as to the disturbed state, or rather that sullen state of calm, which precedes disturbance, have reached us, but we are inclined to hope that they are exaggerated.—Still, however, we recommend determination and vigilance. Much is in the power of the resident country Gentlemen and Magistrates, and we trust they will exert themselves, and abide by the country, both for their own sakes, and that of the deluded multitude who are, by their infatuated conduct, bringing down upon themselves the heavy vengeance of the offended laws, and who, until restrained and advised, must fall victims to their own seditious violence.

The late rains have been of infinite service. The out-crops look much better, and the wheat in general promises well. The potatoes have a healthy appearance, and if there be moisture, will return a fair produce. The sowing of barley this year has been under its usual extent—the late sown crops look but poorly. The turnips have come up well, and will probably be abundant. The vetches have succeeded well on appropriate soils, and under right cultivation—under proper management we know no crop that will more fully answer the farmer's expectations. Mangel Wurzel has generally thriven, and we strongly recommend the sowing of the seed of this excellent vegetable, and an extended cultivation of it the ensuing season. Meadows look but indifferent, except those which are very forward and highly manured. Store cattle have fallen in price, as the pastures are extremely bare in consequence of the drought. The sale of horses extremely dull—those that are disposed of still bring the usual prices.

Meat has fallen in the Dublin markets—Beef is from 8d. to 10d. per lb.—Mutton the same—and Veal from 9d. to 12d.—Butter in casks, 5l. 12s. per cwt. of 112lb.—ditto in bowls, 1s. per lb.—Hay 19s. 6d. to 1l. 2s. 9d. per load.—Straw, wheaten, 9s. to 9s. 9d.—Oaten do. the same.

Prices of Corn, from June 18, to June 25, 1814:

	Dublin.	Athlone.	Belfast.	Limerick.	Cork.
Wheat	20 stone. 36s. 5½d.	20 stone. 20s. to 22s. 9d.	cwt. 33s. 6d.	Stone. 1s. 2d. to 1s. 7d.	20 stone. 26s. to 30s.
Oats	35 stone. 11s. 3d.	35 stone. 7s. to 9s.	9s. 8d.	8d. to 8½d.	35 stone. 16s. to 24s.
Bere	0 s. 0d.	0s. 0d.	0s. 0d.	0s. 0d.	0s. 0d.
Oatmeal	cw 31s. 0d.	stone. 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d.	14s. to 15s.	0s. 0d.	0s. 0d.
Potatoes	3s. 6d. to 4s.	stone. 1½ to 2d.	stone. 5d. to 6d.	0s. 0d.	21lb. 6½d.

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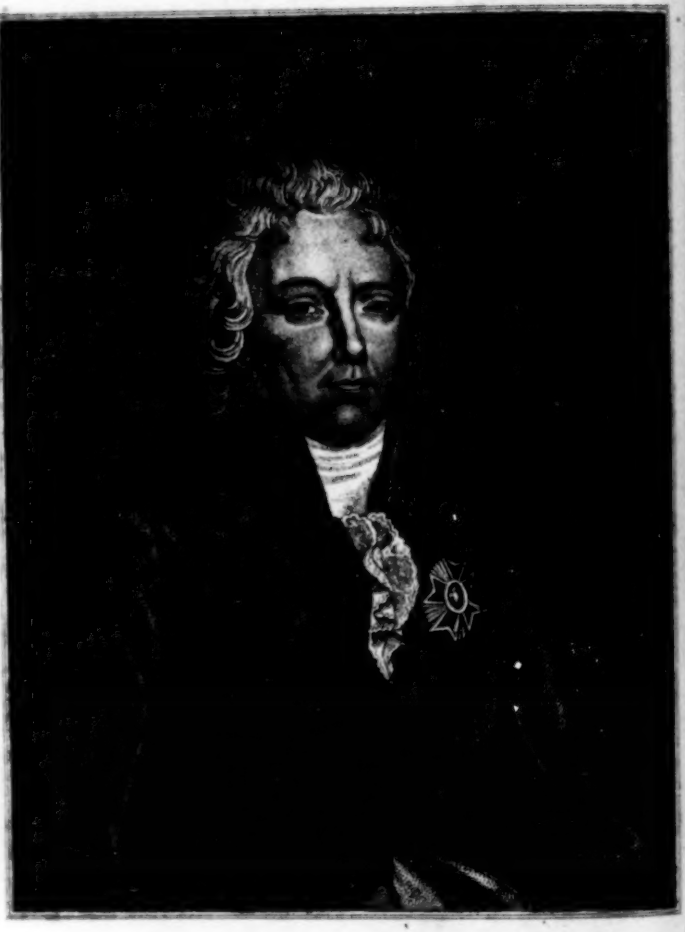

Ch. Charles. Maurice Talleyrand Perigord D.
Prince de Benevente.

Engraved by Brocas, for the Dublin Monthly Museum.